

Chatelaine



JANUARY, 1945

15 CENTS

The Canadian Woman's Magazine

What's Ahead?

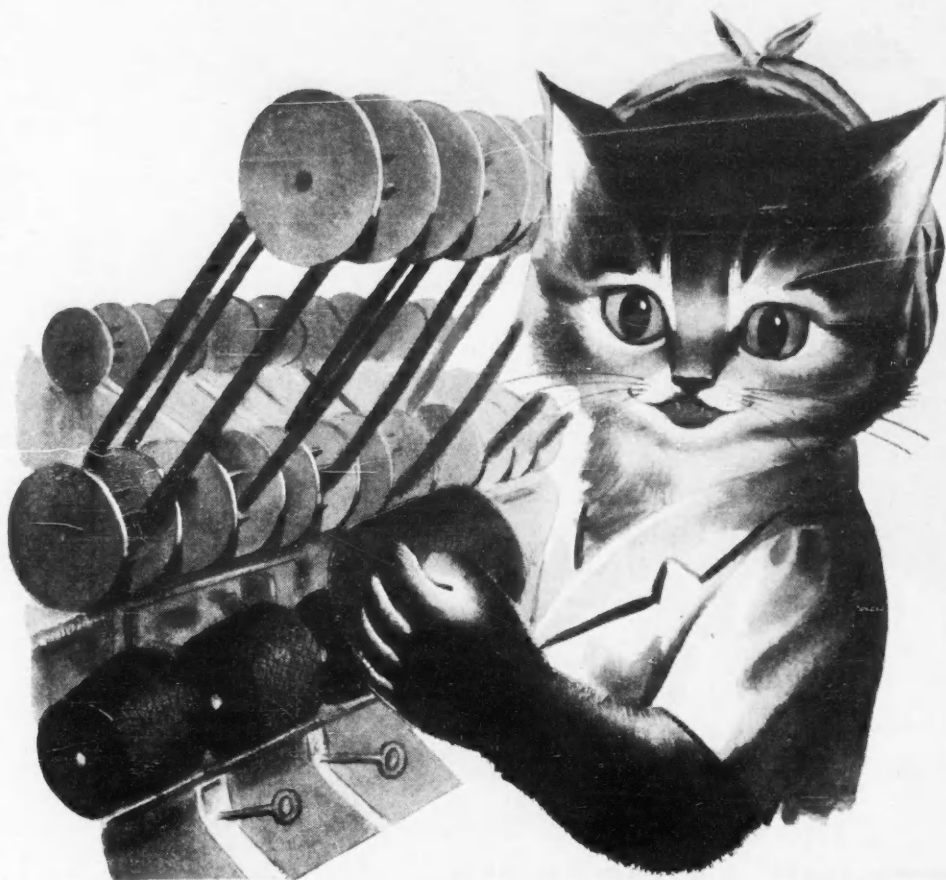
*... forecasts in
Fashion, Beauty,
Housekeeping,
Furnishings ...*

Peacetime Plans of Corty the Kitten

THOUGH STILL I'M WORKING MIGHT AND MAIN
DEVOTING ALL RESOURCES
TO MAKING NEEDED GOODS OF WAR
TO BACK OUR FIGHTING FORCES...

SOMEHOW I'M ABLE TO SQUEEZE IN
BY WAY OF EXTRA MEASURE,
SOME THREADS AND WOOLS AND HOSIERY
FOR YOUR DOMESTIC PLEASURE...

THAT'S JUST A FORETASTE OF THE DAY
OF VICTORY THAT'S COMING,
WHEN EVERY LAST MACHINE I OWN
ON PEACE GOODS WILL BE HUMMING!



Already

there is a *Corticelli* yarn for every knitting need

• Busy needles fly, speeding a warm garment for the lad overseas—for the new baby he has not yet seen—for an unknown someone in the merchant marine.

Whatever the effort, you can rely on Corticelli Quality Wools for satisfactory results. Behind the garments you are making is an organization of wool and knitting experts maintaining the Corticelli tradition of quality. War's restrictions have limited their output to utility lines, but with each click of your needles victory looms nearer. Then will you again be able to revel in the luxury of Corticelli's complete line of knitting wools and novelty yarns. Your old-time favourites, including Bouclé de Laine, will be back in full supply



Corticelli
MADE IN CANADA

"I don't have to live like a mole"

Jean had just parked by the church where her Red Cross group worked, when Arthur's old friend hailed her and came over.

"You still live up this way?" he asked.
"Oh yes, I've been able to keep the house."
"That's wonderful! And how are the kiddies?"
"Not kiddies any more. Margery's left university and gone into the CWACs. And Barbara should matriculate this year."
"And you, Jean, do you keep busy?"
"I do Red Cross work and Prisoners' Parcels three times a week. That's why I kept the car. I don't use it for much else."
"You're very . . ."
"You were going to say, 'You're very lucky, weren't you?' But it isn't luck, Harry. All his life Arthur planned his insurance so that I wouldn't have to buy myself away after he'd gone. Thanks to him and his life insurance, I don't have to live like a mole."



Life Insurance Guardian of Canadian Homes

A message from Life Insurance Companies in Canada

JANUARY is a fine time for stock-taking in all departments, and for forecasting too. Chatelaine does a bit of both under the theme line of "What's Ahead?" which will stop your eye (we hope) here and there throughout this issue.

There's a hefty amount of research, done by wire, letter, survey and the good old-fashioned method of footwork, represented in these newsy features. Take Evelyn Kelly, for instance, out on the trail of shapes to come in the automobile world. Evelyn was deep in statistics and cautious prognostications up, Windsor-way when she first got wind of the "flying car." Somebody mentioned the name of the Detroit designer. First opportunity, Evelyn flew to the telephone with the big city's telephone book in hand. It was what you might call plodding, ungrateful work, especially when a nice girl like Evelyn had to open the conversation with, "Are you the Mr. X who made a flying car?" A man taken away from his butcher counter or his pet radio program is very unreasonable about questions like that over the phone. But was Evelyn downed? Never! At 11 p.m. she found the real Mr. X, in his office at a big aircraft plant, and he said, uh-huh, he had done something along that line, though he couldn't say more just then. "But call me up

And here's another interesting cause and effect as reported by Lotia Dempsey, our Fashion Editor. Know why velvet's scarce these days? It's needed in the "emergency," not for parachutes or uniforms or life preservers, but for lining the cases containing hard-won medals! The ever-mounting distribution of Purple Hearts in the United States has put a heavy strain on the supply of a fabric which none of us could imagine on anything but a strictly feminine priority list. Do we mind waiting a bit for velvets—now? Hardly!

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What's Ahead?

He is a keen observer of the Canadian scene and has a true sense of its perspective against the larger backdrop of a struggling world. When the Editor asked him if he would take on that subject which you'll find on Page 5 ("Are We Ready for the New Year?"), if he'd sum up the important decisions which face us nationally and—because we believe in democracy—individually, in this profoundly important year, he said: "I shouldn't, because I'm away from the front and fruit trees and a view of the Sooke Hills toward the rear. When the snowstorm of galley proofs, copy paper, telegrams, etc., gets too thick in his library workshop, he steps outside and picks up the hoe. This has proved very helpful indeed, especially to the garden, which has achieved considerable fame even in Year of Decision for Canadians."



Foreword and Footnotes

THE PICTURE at the right is an amazingly good likeness of Bruce Hutchison. The smile, far from being put on for benefit of camera, is a practically permanent feature, like the spectacles and the thick crop of hair. For this young man, who did all when he wrote "The Unknown Canadians an important service Country" some years ago, is first and foremost an amiable guy. His close friend and associate, George V. Ferguson, managing editor of the Winnipeg Free Press, once described him as "ebullient, eruptive, volcanic, explosive, turbulent, unruly" (that was before paper rationing), but wound up with the declaration that he was a swell fellow too.

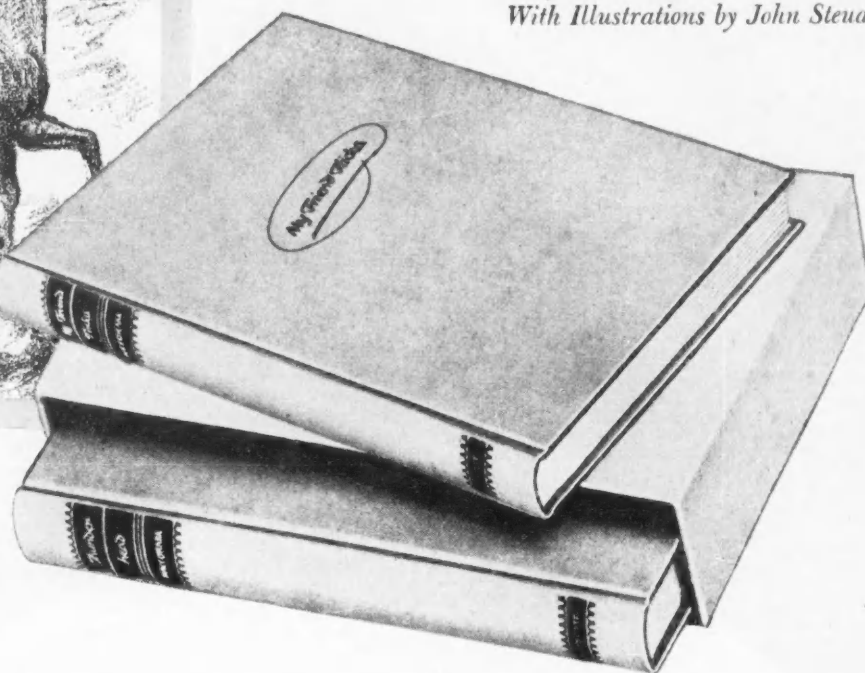
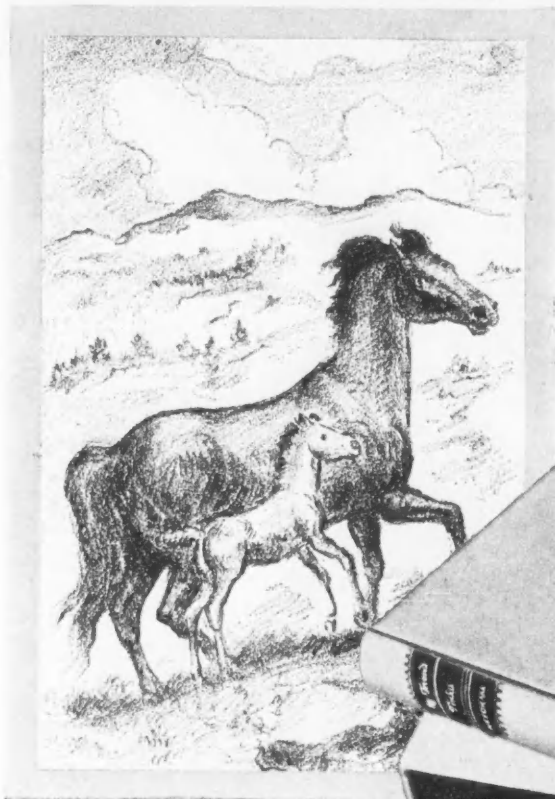
Born in Prescott, Ont., Bruce Hutchison lived in Manitoba for a time, then, still in his early impressionable years, moved to British Columbia, with the result that he is now never happy away from it. With his family—a charming wife and two husky children—he lives an idyllic life in "a bee-hive glade" on the outskirts of Victoria, in a rambling English cottage-style house with a rock garden in front and fruit trees and a view of the Sooke Hills toward the rear. When the snowstorm of galley proofs, copy paper, telegrams, etc., gets too thick in his library workshop, he steps outside and picks up the hoe. This has proved very helpful indeed, especially to the garden, which has achieved considerable fame even in Year of Decision for Canadians."

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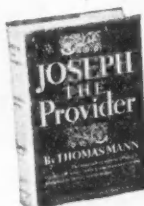
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Colds? Sore Throat?



Let
LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC *get after*
the germs that go with them!

The delightful Listerine Antiseptic gargle taken early and often may spare you a nasty siege of trouble. Here is why:

Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of germs called the "secondary invaders," some of which are shown to the right. These are the very types of germs that so many specialists say are to blame for the troublesome aspects of a cold.

Listerine Antiseptic's quick, germ-killing action helps to guard against a "mass invasion" of such germs into the tissues where they may set up or aggravate the infection you recognize as a cold.

In other words, Listerine Antiseptic attacks hosts of these germs on mouth and throat surfaces before they attack you.

Fewer Colds, Tests Showed

Such germicidal action perhaps explains Listerine Antiseptic's remarkable record against colds in tests made over a period of 12 years. Note these impressive results:

That regular twice-a-day Listerine Antiseptic users had fewer colds and fewer sore throats than non-users, and that when colds did develop, they were usually less severe and shorter-lived than those of non-users.

Isn't that something to remember when you feel a cold coming on? Lambert Pharmacal Co. (Canada) Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

Note how Listerine Antiseptic gargle reduced germs



Above is illustrated the height of range in germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces noted in test cases before and after gargling Listerine Antiseptic. Actual tests showed reductions of surface bacteria ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, and up to 80% one hour after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle.

MADE IN CANADA

Foreword and Footnotes

Continued from Inside Front Cover

KAY MURPHY, Chatelaine's all-seeing eye in New York's style world, reports going to a party recently and meeting up with a nice U. S. naval lieutenant who said, "You wouldn't, you couldn't be the Kay Murphy who writes a column called Fashion Shorts for a Canadian magazine?" Kay said yes but how come he knew? Well, it seems his ship put into a Canadian port, got a welcome donation

of magazines including a 12 months' run of Chatelaines. And in case anybody feels embarrassed about a woman's magazine going to sea in a ship of war, Kay wants us to know he reported the short stories as "swell," liked looking at the glimmer pans in Beauty and Fashions, and even persuaded the ship's cook to try some of Helen Campbell's recipes. It does beat all, how Chatelaine gets around!



EVER wonder what it'll feel like to be 75 with your chair moved closer to the fire and your work cut down to a bit of knitting? Dismal thought, isn't it—and the only reason we set up the picture for you is to knock it down with proof that it needn't be! The lady above celebrated her 75th birthday recently by doing a two-hour stint at her typewriter in the morning, reporting for an afternoon shift in the sorting room of Ottawa's Superfluity Shop, walking home, dining out, and, in brief, having one of her typical days. She is Viscount-

ess Byng of Vimy, author of Chatelaine's popular feature, "Lady with a Past," which concludes this month. If you have followed our four installments excerpted from her autobiography, it will not surprise you at all to find this lady of wit and personality extremely allergic to a sit-by-the-fire existence at any age.

To the many readers who have enquired, Chatelaine is glad to pass on the information that the full-length book, "Up the Stream of Time," will be published by Macmillans in the early spring

INTRODUCING: John Caulfield Smith, Architect, who this month takes up his duties as editor of Chatelaine's Home Planning Department.

Born in Barrie, Ont., he was educated at the local schools and took his professional training at the University of Toronto, graduating with honors in 1937. After gaining experience in architects' offices in Sudbury and Toronto, he opened his own practice in 1938. On the outbreak of war he served in the engineering department of one of the huge new war plants; in 1943 joined the Royal Canadian Engineers; returned to civilian life in 1944, and since last spring has been on the staff of the Toronto City Planning Board.

Mr. Smith has been a contributor to MacLean publications since 1935; he still remembers with pride his first article which involved a good bit of interesting research on "Ontario's Colonial Houses." He brings to his important new connection with Chatelaine something approaching missionary fervor for better housing and community planning, and he has at the same time an intimate, thoroughgoing knowledge of all the thousand-and-one details involved in the designing, building and equipping of the individual Canadian home. Fact, he says he's just a little too familiar with the home-builder's current



problems: his own house (a happy compromise of Smith-the-architect's and Mrs. Smith-the-wife's ideas) was begun in the fall, but held up for labor even as yours and mine!

Are we ready for the New Year?

THE YEAR 1945, now ahead of us, will be one of the most important for Canada since 1867, and also one of the most difficult. It will be difficult for all peoples, of course, but the difficulties of Canada will be peculiar to our own land and in many ways different from those of other nations. They will try the whole texture of Canadian life. In the humble judgment of this writer we are not ready for them.

We are not ready for them politically and governmentally. At this writing we are certainly not ready for them racially, in understanding between our two great Canadian races. We are not ready for them nationally, as a nation among nations, although in this field we have made remarkable progress and are still progressing more rapidly than most people suppose. Most important of all, we are not ready for the end of war in 1945 in the clarity of our own national mind; we don't know, really, what kind of a society we want when peace comes.

Let us look these things over for a moment.

When I say that we are not ready for the peace politically and governmentally, I am not referring to party politics. I am thinking of problems which would be faced by any government and any ruling party, inescapable facts that have grown out of our constitutional structure.

We talk a great deal these days about the reforms we are going to make in our Canadian society after the war. Politicians are raising up Christmas trees on every front porch throughout the nation. There is no candidate so poor in imagination and few so honest as to admit that he cannot provide jobs for all and an unexampled standard of living. But how many take account of the fact that we simply lack the legislative power at this point to do anything of the sort? Why bring that up with an election probably just around the corner?

But the stubborn fact is there, imbedded in our constitution, and will emerge in due season to frustrate all our brave hopes if we do not remove it—the fact, in brief, that without a complete overhaul of the relationship between the Dominion and the provinces we simply cannot undertake the kind of social reforms we all seem to desire.

Every attempt to clear the constitutional debris from our path has failed so far, under circumstances of

By Bruce Hutchison

local politics familiar to all Canadians. We arrive at 1945, the year of expected peace in Europe and reconversion at home, to find the debris piled higher than ever. Therefore I say that we are not ready for the new year legislatively or governmentally.

The next problem is much older, much more serious and infinitely harder to resolve. It is, of course, the relationship between the English-speaking and the French-speaking races. Since 1759, when the last shot was fired on the Plains of Abraham, this has been the chief problem of Canada, the core of our whole political system, the wedge driven deep into our national life.

There is no space here to examine it or the chance of removing it with the passage of time and the growth of a Canadianism broad enough to absorb it. But as I write this (toward the middle of November and in the midst of a conscription crisis in Ottawa) it is clear, with a ghastly clarity, that we have far to go before we can say that the two great races have learned to live together as they must live together on our share of the earth's surface as long as the nation endures. What will have happened politically by the time this reaches print I have no idea and probably no one else has, after these tortured days in the East Block at Ottawa. But no one, I think, will argue that we are nearing the peace with any approach to a solution of our most formidable problem as a nation; and at this writing we are not even moving in that direction.

WHAT OF Canada as a nation among the nations? What place do we actually occupy in the world as the war mounts to its climax,

and what will our place be when the war is finished?

I fancy that most Canadians are very hazy about it. Even if they understood where Canada stood in the general scheme of things before the war—and most of them didn't—they would not necessarily understand it now, for we are a new and different nation.

We have undergone an economic and industrial revolution in Canada in the last five and a half years. We have become a fact unique in all recorded history—a people of less than 12 millions who nevertheless are the fourth industrial power among the United Nations. And out of this revolution we have emerged as a new thing in the postwar world—a “middle” power where we have always been before a minor power. We cannot escape the consequences of that fact, which so few of us have begun to grasp.

Ours was always a strategic area on the map of the world. We live on a fateful land mass. It took the age of modern warfare and the arrival of the air age to make us realize this truth—to make us see for the first time, outside of banquet halls and political picnics, that we lie like a bridge between all America and Europe and between all America and Russia, which is our next-door neighbor by air.

To the welfare of Britain, the United States and Russia we are essential. Without knowing where we stand in international politics none of these three major powers can feel itself secure. This is what it means to be a “middle” power and this is what creates for us most complicated and delicate problems of foreign policy.

How can we perform the role which history has thrust upon us out of all proportion to our numbers? How can we so adjust our major policies so that they do not come into conflict with those of Britain, the United States or Russia? How can we best work to avoid a clash with any one of them which might be the combustible material of another world war and which certainly would tear our

Continued from page 57

The events and decisions of the next twelve months will try the whole texture of Canadian life. We had better begin now to grasp the facts and face up to them

Decoration by Leslie C. Wookey



FOR THE TOUCH OF ROMANCE . . . THE NEW BEFOREHAND LOTION

TRUSHAY guards hands even in hot, soapy water



Beforehand—that's the wise time to protect your hands from the drying, roughening effects of hot, soapy water. So *before* you wash dishes—*before* you wash undies or do any of your other soap and water chores—smooth on velvet rich Trushay! It will keep your hands soft and young looking.



All-over body rubs are a joy with Trushay, too. What soft magic it works on roughened elbows and knees—on throat, arms, shoulders—as a clinging powder base! And all with just a few fragrant drops—for Trushay is concentrated.



This attractive peach-toned lotion—not at all expensive—goes so far! So use Trushay in every way you've ever used a fine lotion. But above all, use it to guard lovely hands—*beforehand*!

A Product of Bristol-Myers—Made in Canada

TRUSHAY—THE BEFOREHAND LOTION—NOW AVAILABLE IN CANADA

Miss Barber clucks disapproval. She reaches into the snug hip pocket again. This time she has a yellow pamphlet in her hand.



Safe At Last

By JOHN DELGADO

Illustrated by Chiriacka

PETER MURPHY is putting up a magnificent battle with the 90-lb. riveting gun, which is screeching like a bandsaw working through a knot, but it looks like the best he's going to get is a draw. Every muscle in his body already is aching, so he pays no particular attention to the twitching at his right shoulder. The twitch is persistent—persistent enough to be caused by someone poking an index finger into flesh which in times gone by has been more than slightly pampered.

Peter Murphy, even when he's tired, isn't the type to let people go around tapping him with an index finger.

"What do you—" he starts barking before he turns around. When he sees who is behind the index finger, he quits barking and starts purring. It is a little lady about five feet two, including medium heels of safety shoes and the crown of a tin hat on which is written "Safety Inspector."

That doesn't mean much to Pete. Much more important to him is that there is no jewellery whatever on the third finger of her left hand. He also notes that the one wisp of hair which manages to creep out from under her bandanna is—well, he's not certain what strawberry blond is, but it should be the color of her hair. Her eyes are squinted a little because she's facing the sun, but what he can see of them appears to be about the same shade of blue as the bay, which is 50 feet below the wooden platform—called staging by old-time shipbuilders—on which they are standing.

Miss Five-feet-two is a very lovely vision in an otherwise ugly and extremely noisy shipyard, and she awakens all 16 generations of wolf which are solidly encased in Peter Murphy. He sets himself for an appreciative whistle, but the riveting gun has a mortgage on all the breath Pete is scheduled to draw

for the next two months. All he can do is to stare in silent awe.

While Murphy is delightfully following the curve of Miss Safety Inspector's snug-fitting blue jeans, she is surveying him carefully.

"There must be a rule in the book that you're not breaking." She tries to sound impressive.

"I haven't had much time for books lately," Pete answers with a big friendly grin.

"You have read a book before?" The sarcasm is thick enough to slice with a burning torch.

"Thousands of them. But only at night as I'll be happy to prove. You come over and check on me tonight."

"I can read, too," says Miss Safety Inspector severely. "But you must take my word for it. Don't come over and check on me."

To a young gentleman who has been wrestling a riveting gun all morning, one little snub is as one more flea to a hound.

"Okay," he says. "Reading is hard on the eyes, anyway. Let's go some place and dance."

"Let's stay right here and write," she suggests. She manoeuvres Pete around so that the sun is at her back. Her eyes are opened wide now and Pete notes they are not blue at all. They're hazel, or green, or something. Definitely not blue.

She digs into a pocket of the snug jeans and comes up with a very formal-looking report sheet, on the top line of which there is a name. Murphy twists his neck like a crane reaching for 30 tons of steel. The name is legible: "Miss Barber."

"It's a pleasure, Miss Barber." Murphy tries a formal bow. A couple of vertebrae protest and he thinks better of it. "I'm Murphy—Peter Murphy."

Miss Barber records this information on the sheet.

Also his badge number. Then she starts checking off items. The first one is "No tin hat." Right down the list she goes: No goggles. No gloves. No safety shoes. His sleeves are rolled up, inviting any stray hot rivets or sparks that may be floating about. The cuffs of his trousers are turned up, the easier to hook onto something that will trip him and send him sprawling into the bay below.

Miss Barber clucks disapproval. She reaches into the snug hip pocket again. This time she has a yellow pamphlet in her hand. The big type reads: "Safety Rules. Seaside Shipbuilding Corp., Inc.," and the rest is in small print.

"The safety equipment store," Miss Barber volunteers, "is just outside the main gate. While you're waiting for the clerk to fix you up with shoes, overalls, workshirt, goggles and tin hat, you look this over. Surprising how many lives it saves."

"So you're interested?" Pete makes it sound like an intimate personal affair.

"Yes," says Miss Barber. "In ships. In a hospital they won't let you build them."

"Not even the kind you put in bottles?" Pete smiles his most engaging smile, but Miss Barber is not amused.

"I'll be back tomorrow," she promises. At least Pete takes it for a promise. "Safety rules must be enforced," she adds, making it a threat instead of a promise.

An hour later Pete is all decked out in brand-new clothes. There are no mirrors about, but Pete can see himself plainly in the shiny new tin hat. It isn't really tin, of course, it's some kind of light alloy, tough enough to stop any loose pieces of steel that may be dropping around carelessly.

"Me and Little Boy Blue," he smiles at the shapely little creature who is the clerk. He brushes a loose end of thread from the blue work shirt. Then he adjusts the blue overalls so that they just fit over the tip of his new shoes which have, among other features, steel plates to protect his toes.

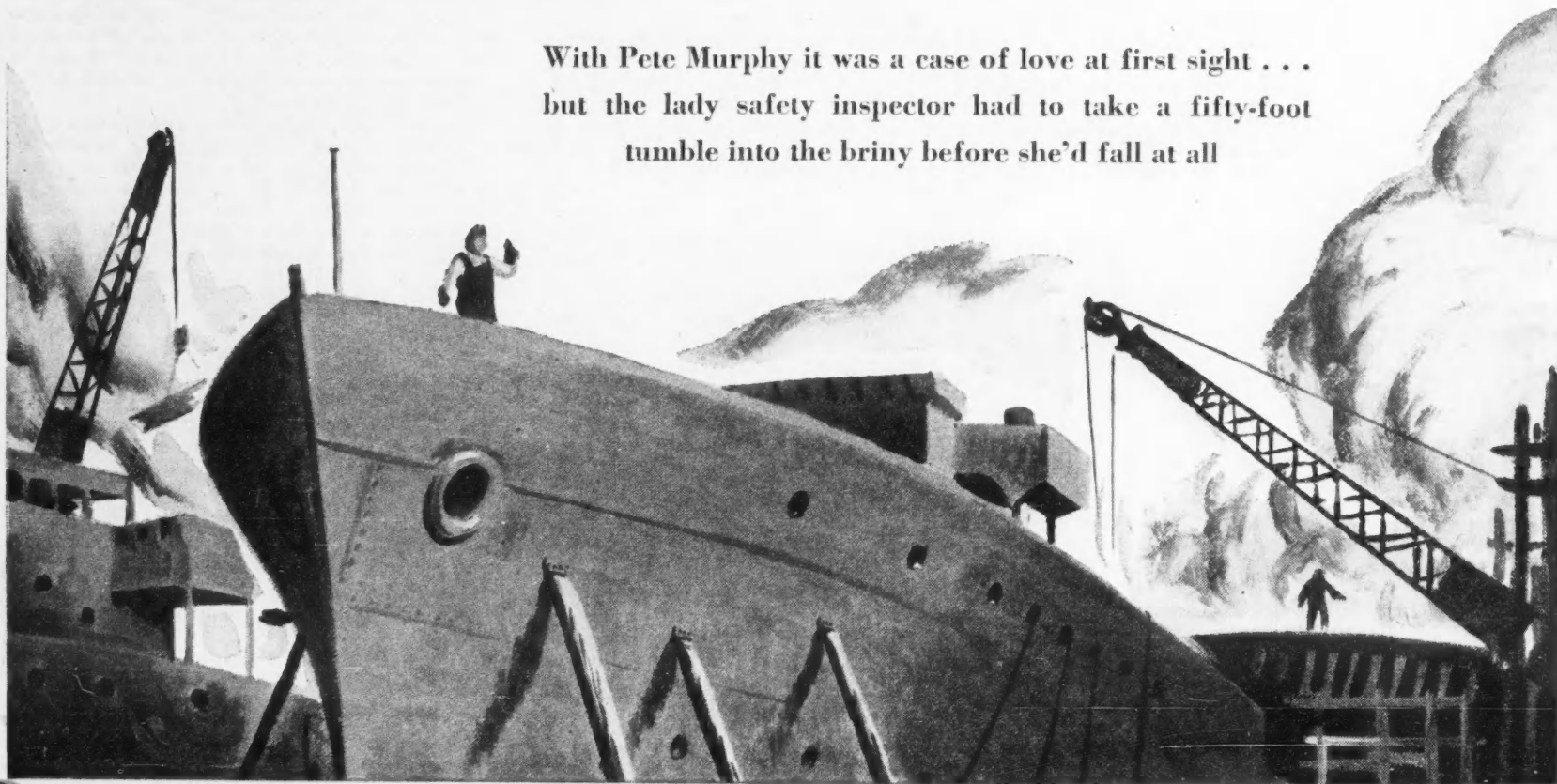
The clerk doesn't answer. There's a faraway look in her eyes when she notices how tight the shirt hugs his big shoulders. She's wearing a pair of silver wings on her dress and there are two rings on her finger. One with a big diamond and the other with a lot of little diamonds.

"Happy landings, Babe," says Pete.

"Thanks, Bub," she answers. The faraway look is still in her eyes.

Across the walk from the safety store is a coffee shop with large windows. Pete looks intently into them as he passes. They reflect a young man who should make a safety inspector's heart + Continued on page 18

With Pete Murphy it was a case of love at first sight . . .
but the lady safety inspector had to take a fifty-foot
tumble into the briny before she'd fall at all



New Look!

Do you want to achieve 1945 smartness? Follow this step-by-step conversion of last year's model to new-season good looks and femininity

Clothes, accessories and hairdress by courtesy the T. Eaton Co. Ltd., Toronto



Date line January '45. Victorian in feeling is this pastel blue crepe date dress with matching lace ruffles and feathered fabric hat.

Adele White, Beauty Editor, says

THIS NEW look we're talking about isn't a question of changing the shape of your nose or even your type of personality. It's altering your every-day-in-the-week appearance to fit the times.

The girl in the far left corner, marked with an "x", is a last year's leftover, as our Fashion Editor has pointed out, and in the light of the New Year she may look like a career casualty—the kind of girl who's forgotten how to soft-pedal efficiency and turn on feminine charm.

We've put her through a complete course in beauty and hair styling so she'll have her head well above the crowd, metaphorically speaking, in the coming year.

First of all, we did a make-up job, stressing the "natural" rather than the "painted doll" look. Now some girls seem to think that this means a minus rather than a plus quality. They believe a natural look comes from leaving off everything in beauty aids but a dab of powder and slash of lipstick. Don't let the word "natural" fool you—it's the trickiest kind of make-up there is and requires lots of skill. We started with a scrupulously clean skin, then smoothed on just the right amount of powder base. A spot of rouge was shaded in so deftly there was nothing but a faint glow (hard red patches on cheeks are the telltale mark

of an amateur). We dusted on face powder with a soft fine brush, and we used this year's new shade, a delicate pinkish tone, which ties in with a softer, prettier and more feminine look. Just a suggestion of eye shadow and mascara gave flattering emphasis to her eyes. The slogan, "Lips and finger tips should match," still holds good, so we used a light shade of lipstick, a rosy tone, and later when she had a manicure, the same shade of polish on her nails.

The final stage of our New Year: New Look process came under the heading of charm and personality. We said in the beginning we weren't trying to change personalities but in order to tie in with a man's world again it's a good idea to tone some down (our girl confessed she was afraid she'd become too much of a Personality Kid during the manless years of the war). Not that we're advocating the clinging-vine type, but there are more subtle ways of asserting yourself than by swinging down the street in a chest-out, forward-march swagger. The new posture is graceful and at ease, without slumping, and when you step out you should feel you're walking on air.

To sum up. This new look is essentially feminine and charming. Natural? Yes—but well versed in the more appealing kinds of womanly wiles.



HEADS ARE neater! Gone are the madcap curls, awe-inspiring pompadours and the so-called glamour bob, which never did pan out very well except for movie stars who always have a hairdresser on the set.

The new hair style is smooth, neat and makes your head seem smaller. As illustrated above, we've had one of our expert hair stylists design a dual-personality hairdo which can be worn afternoons or evenings. Starting from the left above; note the slanting part which is considered more becoming to the average head than a straight one. Next, a new kind of pin curl which is twisted into a reverse curl so it can be combed

into a wave when you come out of the drier. And at right: for afternoon wear this hairdo is combed out into soft curls at the back—most becoming under this year's hats. The close-up at left is the same hairdo combed into a lovely smooth page-boy style for evenings, with a loose wave over each ear—we think it makes a pretty flattering profile shot!

To wear your hair in this dual-personality style, the sides, from the hairline down, should be six inches in length; the back length should be 10 inches from crown to ends; and, from the nape of the neck down it should be about six inches, to give a smooth unbroken line.





*Lotta Dempsey,
Fashion Editor, says*

WE WANT you to meet a girl who looked in her mirror a little while back and saw this, above. She was a nice girl, and attractive enough, and a year or so ago when she had outfitted herself in these clothes they had looked kind of smart.

She wasn't actually shabby, or dowdy, but something was definitely wrong.

"It's that last-year's bird's-nest look," she thought, determined to be devastatingly self-analytical. "I'm old hat. I'm one of those old-fashioned girls—the kind who stays home with mother—and stays and stays."

We were glad we tuned in on her at this point. We had so many things to tell you about the new clothes this season. And especially the entirely new feeling they have. (The Beauty Editor ditto in the face-and-figger department.) Then too our pretty little guinea pig was so like so many of the pictures that come in to us, especially around this time of year, from girls and women all over the country saying something like, "Look . . . this is the *me* I'm tired of. Can you help me redecorate?"

So your two editors went into a swift crescendo of action, tossing our patient happily back and forth as we turned her into a brand-new 1945 number.

Will you draw up a chair?

What Was Wrong With Her?—She was out of tune with the times . . . the new, hope-dawning days of this better New Year. Her clothes were functional and they looked it! To the point of masculinity. The homberg, the strictly tailored suit, the plain tailored shirtwaist. She belonged to the manless era—the years when men were off to the wars, or doing a disappearing act in emergency jobs, and women stepped in and took their places, and dressed for the business in hand. Not that that's over . . . but it's a fading period. Men are beginning to come home. Women are beginning to dress for them again. And learning to combine functionalism with beauty and femininity.

Besides, there's Paris. Most of the great designers are back at work, creating, shaping, molding, adding their French originality and delicacy to our North American solidity and practicability.

Of course, our old-year girl needn't have had that dissatisfied look or that bad posture. But her outdated clothes and hairdo made her feel like that. The wrinkled stockings and the thickened midriff look are due to a lack of a good foundation garment. She's slim, yes. But look at the difference in her figure in the top picture and the one below, where she is wearing a well-fitted girdle. Finally, in that 1944 view, she has tried to wear her man-tailored suit casually—fastening only the bottom button. Notice the different effect when she does this in the soft suit, right, with its dressmaker, rather than rigid, lines.

THE NEW 1945 look was arrived at, first, in the business or club-and-town suit, below. For nights at home, in the lounging suit, centre, and for dating, dining and dancing, in the lace and feathered feminine outfit, top right.

How Did We Change Her? First came the new foundation garment—the alpha of all smart dressing. With that achieved, we were ready to choose a new soft suit, a feminine but not too fussy blouse and (the Beauty Editor) a new soft but smartly brushed hairdo.

She looks efficient and capable, doesn't she, as she takes her turn at the Red Cross clinic, checking files and booking blood donors? Her shoulder line is softened, the cardigan front allows her to go with or without a blouse, the rounded line of the short jacket is beautifully cut. The skirt has the new softer release in its slightly flared lines.

For evening wear when she's going out, we've chosen the new lace-topped dinner dress in a melting honey-chile blue, with a suave black bag, and more hat lightened with a graceful blue ostrich feather. The sophisticated hairdo and lines of hat and bag and the ultrafeminine feather and neckline are clever trickery to combine smartness with femininity, and are a beautiful foil for each other.

"It's Heaven to Be Home!" You're going to hear that phrase more and more this 1945—especially if your man's been on an officially conducted tour of the war zone, as our gal's has, here. A glamorous lounging outfit for fireside wear should be a must in every young married's wardrobe this coming year—and here you have it in the black tapered slacks and gay carnival-colored overblouse. The new look for home is informal, gay, feminine and very, very sweet. Dinner by candlelight—even if it's stew—music on the radio, and you, turned all enchantment just for him—why would he ever want to go out?



New Year:



HOME BODY, 1945. There's a new look at home — the snug-as-a-bug (but definitely a lady bug) look. Slacks are sharp black, in rayon faille, with carnival-colored overblouse. The man wears a new type smoking loafer.

BUSY BODY, 1945. For downtown wear your clothes are softer, more feminine. Here's a new Mangone cardigan suit with pleated piped neckline, in bronze green. The blouse, smartly befrilled, is in lime green.

Mr. Hamilton, blunt and mocking, was a threat to any girl's poise — any girl, that is, except Miss Blair, the brilliant executive type, who could if necessary change her tactics



She would lunch at the very best hotel with important associates....

Elizabeth blew. She could feel Mr. Hamilton laughing at her legs stuck straight out in front of her and began awkwardly to get them out of sight. "Well, you win. I'm no good. I made a bad mistake. You don't have to worry about me any more because of course I'm fired now."

During this painful interview Elizabeth, the only Elizabeth Elizabeth knew, was standing aside cool and detached, frankly amazed and embarrassed as one is embarrassed by the drunken ravings of a distant relative. The pitiful girl on the floor was a total stranger.

"Nonsense," Mr. Hamilton snapped. Then he laughed. "Excuse me," he choked, "but you know you are amusing. You certainly take yourself seriously, don't you, Miss Blair? And you look..."

"Go on. Say it. You don't seem particularly disciplined in your speech on any occasion and the comments you will choose for this one should certainly be interesting." Elizabeth was on her feet now and hating Mr. Hamilton so violently that she temporarily forgot herself and her disgrace.

"All right. I will. You look cute. Your hair's real curly and your cheeks are red where they aren't smudged, and you look nice and mussed up and mad and human. I think I like it."

"Isn't that just lovely?" If the insurance company had known how close those dustbins were to a perfect example of spontaneous combustion, they would have cancelled the policies then and there.

"All right. I apologize. Come on, let me help you get straightened up a little and we'll go back to work." He went up to her, took the handkerchief, and began scrubbing her cheek. He stopped scrubbing it and kissed it. Then he made a funny noise in his throat that might have been a chuckle or might have been something else again and said to her, "Need a

little moisture to get that smudge off, you know."

Elizabeth lifted one foot encased in a spike-heeled shoe, brought it down with all the force of a sturdy leg on Mr. Hamilton's toe, slapped him for good measure, and walked rapidly toward the nearest exit.

SHE WAS crossing a little park on her way to lunch the next day when she saw Mr. Hamilton. Elizabeth was planning to lunch at the Hotel Imperial and she wore a dashing print, cut along career girl lines, a smooth little sailor perched on her hair which was neat. Her face was clean and once you'd seen it you certainly wouldn't bother to look any farther, especially in the direction of anything as unimportant as legs.

Mr. Hamilton obviously was not planning to lunch at the Imperial. He was lunching right there in the park. With a couple of other squirrels, Elizabeth thought scornfully. He looked like a common bum sitting there on the park bench, with his collar pulled open and his hat shoved back. He had a sandwich in one hand and an apple in the other. Elizabeth was ashamed for anyone to think she knew him. She hoped fervently for that and other reasons that he wouldn't see her. She had gone back to work. She had made a mistake, but she had corrected it, and as for Mr. Hamilton and his crude behavior, well, she herself was civilized and suave enough to handle such situations.

She felt a little light-headed and dizzy as she approached him now, but that was only because he made her sick. Probably he would whistle. He was the type. She steeled herself, but he didn't whistle. He rose courteously, bowed, and said, "Miss Blair, how are you today? Would you care to join me?"

Elizabeth had always thought that Mr. Hamilton was unpleasantly pale, but he wasn't pale now. He had quite a good color, as a matter of fact. He looked boyish and a little + Continued on page 31

had said. She just looked at him with quiet scorn and turned away, but not before she had seen something close to shame that Mr. Hamilton was trying to keep out of his eyes. He ought to be ashamed of himself, Elizabeth felt.

She did ask the other girls, but of course they didn't know, because there wasn't any such file. As she was starting back to Mr. Hamilton, feeling a little smug and superior, Elizabeth thought of the work she was doing more or less on her own now, clearing out dead files and discarding them. She felt with satisfaction that the work showed initiative and enterprise beyond the average.

Then, with a sickening shock, like tasting salt when it should be sugar, Elizabeth thought: discarded files, missing files... had she thrown it away by mistake? She sought out the office boy, then the janitor, questioned them closely, then in depression fled down into the gloomy vaults of the building to search through the trash bins, all the time shaken with the nauseous knowledge that she had done something really awful.

She found it finally, crumpled and dusty but all there. In her relief she plopped right down on the dirty floor, hugged the file, and wept. That's the way she was when Mr. Hamilton found her.

"They said you'd come down here. My, my, quite an adventure for a girl like you!" Mr. Hamilton's voice was kinder than his words, but they both stung. He knelt down beside Elizabeth who felt she looked enough like a trash bin by then to pass for one and wished she could. He pulled out a big handkerchief and handed it to her. Elizabeth hid behind it and hated Mr. Hamilton.

"Here," she poked the file at him blindly. "Here's the file, Mr. Hamilton. I found it. I suppose you're feeling just wonderful now."

"Well, now that you mention it I don't feel too terrible. This is rather a unique experience for me, and I think I'm enjoying it."

"Naturally. You're the sort of person who gloats when other people make mistakes. You like to think no one else is half as good as you are and then you bully them so that you're right." Elizabeth sniffed with as much dignity as she could muster.

"I don't quite follow your statement, Miss Blair, but I deny it categorically. Better blow again."

That day, beside the trash bins in the basement, the pitiful girl weeping over the files was a total stranger. That's the way she felt when Mr. Hamilton found her.



Miss Blair Has a Plan

By DOROTHY BONNELL

Illustrated by Harry Timmins

ELIZABETH BLAIR, age 24, height five feet five, weight . . . what did they want to know that for, anyway? One hundred and twenty-five, that was close enough. It was what she'd weighed right after she had had flu last year, and before her mother had begun to insist that she build up her strength with egg-nogs. Her figure wasn't really bad, even after the egg-nogs, anyway not when she remembered to hold her tummy in.

Of course there were always her legs. Elizabeth resented her legs. The nicest thing that had ever been said about them was that they were sturdy. They weren't bad enough to be really awful, but still . . . Elizabeth thought about them as little as possible and managed to see to it that other people did, too. It wasn't difficult because her hair was the kind of reddish gold that would always be lovely, and her skin was clear and white.

Experience . . . that was harder, but she put down the committees she had worked on, the rummage drives she had headed, the college club, her thesis which wasn't graduate work but still good. It sounded rather impressive when she had finished. References . . . the Dean, some of her father's business friends. Former employers . . . last salary received . . . well, she would simply have to leave those blank.

The application completed, she fluffed out her ruffled blouse and adjusted the becoming tricornie while the interviewer looked over the sheets. Elizabeth waited with the assurance that was so typical of her. She knew, though her knowledge was both modest and honest, that she was above average in looks, ability, and background. She was used to admiration and success and very nice about both. The girl smiled at Elizabeth with a nice shade of deference and sent her to see Mr. Hamilton.

"Mr. Hamilton? I'm Elizabeth Blair. They seemed to think in the personnel office that I might be useful up here." She smiled her most charming smile and waited.

Mr. Hamilton looked up. He didn't say anything for just a few seconds longer than was comfortable. He looked at Elizabeth and suddenly, strangely, Elizabeth remembered the minute hole in her right glove, and the fact that her legs were . . . sturdy.

"Oh, yes. Sit down, please. May I see those?"

Elizabeth sat down and handed him the papers.

Mr. Hamilton read the application and Elizabeth looked at Mr. Hamilton. He was young, she thought, although she wasn't quite sure because he didn't look like the young men she knew. His face was angular, and his hair was dark, and just a little too long. He wore undistinguished clothes that made him look as if he were poor, though, judging by his position which was apparently pretty important, that was impossible. Although he had on a collar and tie he somehow gave the impression of being about to yank them off. There was something about him that struck Elizabeth as faintly old-fashioned.

He raised his head and said, "I see." Which was obvious because he was looking at Elizabeth again. His eyes were knowing and humorous, and shared a joke with her, which Elizabeth didn't understand. He tapped the papers. "Yes. Very nice of you to have come, Miss Blair, but I'm afraid there's no place here for you."

The charming smile congealed on Elizabeth's attractive face. Her mouth even fell open and her eyes stared for a second until she could adjust herself to the shock. Then the smile went into high, and the eyes retreated behind justly famous lashes to blaze out at him again, recharged from the powerful battery of Elizabeth's personality. "But I understood you needed help."

"I do, Miss Blair, but I'm afraid you're not the person for the job."

Elizabeth prepared to change his mind. She was a planner. She had figured everything out. She was going to get a good job doing interesting, administrative or executive work, worthy of her ability, and by means of which she could make a significant con-



She would wear dark suits and a businesslike but gracious expression.



She would sit behind an imposing desk and talk to interesting people.

tribution to this final war year. She would wear dark suits and ruffled blouses and a businesslike yet gracious expression, and sit behind an imposing desk and talk to interesting people. She would reach automatically for the telephone with one hand while she made notes with the other. She would nod to her secretary. She would lunch at the best hotel with important associates. Every detail of the future was quite clear to Elizabeth. It was all decided and she had no intention of letting this peculiar person spoil her plans with his whims.

She challenged him: "Try me!"

He grinned. "You don't even know what the job is, Miss Blair. Believe me, it's not for you."

"I suppose you think I'm not good enough?" Elizabeth almost forgot to be charming.

"Possibly." That disturbing look lit his eyes again, as if he knew a joke on her. "This job is difficult and exacting, and quite frankly judging by your record here, and your looks, I don't think you could swing it."

"Mr. Hamilton, I may not appear to be very experienced, but that's just because I never tried to get a job before. Actually I've had a wide variety of experience, and handled any number of exacting and difficult situations successfully. I'm sure I could do this job. Try me."

He grinned at her again, that mocking, nasty smile. Why did they keep these offices so warm? Elizabeth felt quite uncomfortable. "Very well, Miss Blair, since you insist, I'll take you on trial. Report to work tomorrow at nine."

Elizabeth relaxed. She had known she would get the job all the time, but for a moment she had been afraid that there might be a few difficulties. She lowered her lashes again and rose lightly. She held out her hand to Mr. Hamilton with a pleasant friendliness. "Thank you, Mr. Hamilton. I'm sure you won't regret your decision."

"And you, are you sure you won't regret yours? You haven't asked yet what the position is, or what the salary." He went on maliciously, not letting Elizabeth speak. "The job is that of a file clerk, and the salary is \$25 a week. Good-by, Miss Blair, until tomorrow." He opened the door for her and Elizabeth was going through it before she could untwist her oddly tangled tongue. As he closed the door Mr. Hamilton

made one more remark: "The files, Miss Blair, are a mess."

THEY WERE. They were also dusty and dirty. They made Elizabeth sneeze, and they made her abandon her good-looking suit, the ruffled blouse and executive expression in favor of an ugly smock and a harassed look.

Quite a lot was happening to Elizabeth. She had, in fact, received a series of violent shocks beginning with her first encounter with Mr. Hamilton. It had been a shock when he failed so completely to respond to her commanding charm, a shock and a challenge. She would show him. She would wring respect from him, and admiration and more. It had been a shock to find herself doing menial work and doing it badly.

She was amazed at her own clumsiness. "Right away," she would say brightly when asked for a file, and then be struck with stage fright when she couldn't find it. It was all very confusing. As she agonized her way through those first grueling days she thought ceaselessly and feverishly of Mr. Hamilton gloating, she was sure, over her humiliation. She made some very pretty plans as she struggled with the inefficient filing system, and Mr. Hamilton was mortified in every single plan.

"Ask Mr. Hamilton to take those documents over to Russell," she planned to inform her secretary some day. And she planned to have Russell far across the city and she planned to have it rain.

"Mr. Hamilton has a good mind but does not get along well with his associates," she planned to write when asked for a reference after Mr. Hamilton lost his position. Oh, Elizabeth had lots of plans for Mr. Hamilton, and they all involved removing the scepticism from his face and replacing it with a more becoming humble admiration.

In the meantime Elizabeth grew deft and sure, and began to take a grudging pleasure in her new knowledge. So she was surprised when Mr. Hamilton asked her to bring him a file that didn't exist.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Hamilton, but there is no such file."

"Of course there is! You may not know where to find it, but the other girls will. Ask them and bring it here at once."

Elizabeth didn't flare up at the injustice of what he

Meet Elizabeth, aged 21



She looks even younger, and you'd find it hard to believe that she's the mother of two children. Her husband is serving in the Air Force overseas.

Adult responsibilities have caught up with Elizabeth too quickly. She managed well

enough while her husband was around to share the burden, but on her own she has wanted to revert to the carefree days when she could "run around" and "take in all the dances." As it is, she goes (alone) to the local dance hall a couple of times a week, attends the movies frequently, but that's about all because she has to look after the kids, and her mother, with whom she lives, gets cross if she's out too much. "I feel closed in now . . . no freedom . . . seems as if I'm right back to my childhood having to live with my family again. Mother treats me just about the same as she does my brother and sisters . . . Sometimes I feel it's terrible to be young and have so many problems all at once."

Chief of Elizabeth's problems is lack of a home of her own. She and her husband had a nice little apartment for the first year of their marriage, but after he left for overseas and she was expecting her second baby she moved to her mother's house. "I've been looking for a place for months, but I've about given up hope now. Once they hear you have children and your husband is overseas, they slam the door in your face." Anyway, she isn't sure she'd be able to swing a home of her own just yet; what with doctors' bills, clothes for herself and babies, and trying to buy some furniture, she's "in debt up to her neck." If she could only get in the clear, move the kids to her husband's hometown and settle down in a nice "government" house, so that Harry could come back to a proper home!

A "proper home" will never be the kind her parents gave her. They were poor; her father was a tyrant. "Mother never knew how much he made at his work; he would just plunk down \$15 on the kitchen table every payday and expect her to run the house and feed us all on that. And she did, too." Father and mother have always been "sharp" with each other, perhaps because of considerable difference in age, but it has been worse in recent years since her mother discovered (through the doctor) that he was "corrupted" physically.

Elizabeth has had her happiest times away from her family. She loved school, in spite of her feeling of social inferiority, and got as far as her second year in high school before she had to leave and take a job. When her children get a little older she'd like to take classes at night school. "To keep up with my kids."

So far as preparing her for marriage and family life, Elizabeth says her education contributed nothing. "Until I fell in love with my husband, I didn't know much at all about sex, and when some of the girls started to tell me about it, they sure gave me some dopey ideas. I was so scared, I was afraid to ask my mother about it." A course in sex information would be helpful, she thinks.

The classes in domestic science didn't apply to real life. She wishes she had been taught the modern care of babies. And if she had learned something about household management and budgeting she wouldn't encounter such difficulties getting along now.

She enjoyed her work in a factory and wouldn't mind going back to it if financial circumstances force her to take a job again. Before she was tied down with children, she liked going to church and teaching a Sunday School class, though her father always sneered at this. "The only time he was ever in church was the day I got married." She doesn't feel she is a religious person, because she likes dancing and fun, but she finds herself praying when she's faced with a decision, and tries to be helpful to others. She doesn't drink or smoke, though has no prejudices against moderate indulgence; abhors gambling; believes that there is nothing morally wrong with sex intimacies outside of marriage but feels that the practical consequences make it undesirable. "A girl's a fool to let herself become a tramp; nobody'll marry her."

Elizabeth isn't interested in politics, though she's heard of Premier King and the Zombies; has no group or community connection, and no sense of citizenship. She is weighed down at the moment with personal troubles—and she is just 21. ♦

What's Ahead? For Driving Women

By Evelyn Kelly

THE HAND that rocks the cradle, and has a special trick or two with meat balls, now swings a considerable weight in the automobile industry.

It's agreed that women have smartened up not only in their driving habits, but in their thinking about cars. Oh, of course, we've always understood what "mileage" meant—vaguely, perhaps—but now we know! Precious girdles and fine-thread hose are guarded no more carefully than our tires; and feminine conversations have a way of switching from cosmetics to carburetors, from spinach to spark plugs.

And what will women drivers be wanting in their postwar cars?

"Give me a car that'll run and get me where I want to go, with four brand-new tires," was all one bright young matron asked.

"Automatic chokes that don't CHOKE!" . . . "A car that starts easily in cold weather!" . . . "Me, I'd like to have a jeep for running around in."

And from still others: "Windshield



The flying car—to give you a lift when you find yourself in traffic and have to get home fast with the kids and the groceries.

Ah, they speak with great reserve on the question of what's cooking in the automobile industry. The following opinion voiced by one authority was shared emphatically by several others whom I sought out.

"There's a lot of talk about the automobile industries being back in production within a few months after the European war is won. Actually no one knows how long this will be. And it must be remembered that certain essential civilian needs will be filled first—for doctors and so on in the order of importance. Our message right now is 'take good care of the car you're driving and make it last!'"

One great automobile concern has a gigantic postwar program, but even in this case their executives warn that miracles must not be expected overnight. "Intensive scientific research will undoubtedly gradually bring great changes to the automobile industry, but in our firm our first problem is getting back smoothly into peacetime production, and at the same time maintaining assurance of steady employment for the vast number on our payroll." Their postwar planning will be synchronized with this policy.

♦ Continued on page 25



More know-how! "The charging rate's all cockeyed, and the pump gland's leaking . . . I'll call for it after I get my hair done."

wipers that'll keep mist off in foggy weather." "Upholstery that doesn't cling." "Adjustable seats that stay put when I have to jam on the brakes."

But one of my friends summed up her point of view neatly when she refused to particularize. "How do I know what I'll want? They'll be bringing out something so different that heaven knows what we'll be driving anyway!"

For women are talking about the amazing scientific findings of these high-gear days. They're wondering about plastics and plywood, glass and aluminum and high octane gas in relation to cars of the future. They're studying the glamorized "dream" cars meeting their eyes in the postwar car illustrations, and they're curious about it all. Cars and rumors of cars—but what kind of cars? Just what are the motor moguls hiding up their sleeves anyway?



The mini-car, a smooth little number for about-town use. But Dagmar, the Great Dane, won't be able to go along.

Warning: If you prefer fiction to fact, or fairy tales to reality, don't read this page. But if you have some concern for young people — all young people, not just the "nice" ones you know — these three life stories will bite deeply into your consciousness.

"It's Terrible To Be Young"

Meet Annabelle, aged 15

She is a bouncy vivacious brunette with a warm, outgoing personality. She is proud of the fact that she passed for 18 "all the time." Still in elementary school which bores her because she knows how to read and write and doesn't see the sense of anything more. Wishes there was better stuff taught in Household Science—"the things they give us won't be very much use when a girl gets into her own home. I'd like to know about taking care of babies, but we don't learn anything like that." Says the girls would like to learn how to dance, but all they get in gym period is exercises.



Annabelle works as a part-time waitress, her hours from five to nine every evening and later on Saturdays. The restaurant caters mostly to men. It's her first job and she likes it. "No one bosses you around if you know how to hold your own. And it's not as tough a joint as people make out. Of course there are plenty of fights and all kinds of guys hanging around, but you've got to expect that. The other waitresses are nice and friendly and I always have a lot of fun at work."

Her goal in life is to become a hairdresser, but she doesn't know if she'll be able to afford the course. In her daydreams she sees herself the owner of a large and glamorous beauty parlor—the kind you see in the movies or in the confession magazines.

Annabelle's family life has been disturbed by separation of parents and frequent changes of residence. She hasn't seen her father since she was eight, but remembers vividly the violent battles when he would come home at three in the morning and "then Mother would slug it out with him." Father was French Canadian and Catholic; mother, English and Protestant; when they separated she was sent for a year to her maternal grandmother but didn't like that—"Grandma is too strict and too religious. Mother thinks so too." Annabelle shops around for her religion; sometimes she goes to a Roman Catholic Church, sometimes to a United Church or mission groups. She likes the Salvation Army meetings best of all. "They bang around and shout and it's a lot of fun." Though she isn't personally concerned about religion, she sometimes wonders whether she's doing the "right" thing or the "wrong" thing, and believes these feelings are traceable to church influence, because her mother has never set up any standards. "My mother wouldn't care if I went out with a married man or not, but I wouldn't do it, because I'd feel guilty the next time I went to church."

Mother and daughter live in a two-roomed flat, but they don't see each other a great deal because the mother has a job in a gun plant, and also "knows a lot of people and has a swell time." She dresses pretty smart and is better-looking now since she had her teeth fixed.

Annabelle has plenty of boy friends, all of them under 20. (She doesn't approve of going out with "older men.") She smokes, doesn't drink "yet," though most of her friends do, and so does her mother. Kissing, necking and sex intimacies outside of marriage

are accepted by her group as being part of the ordinary course of events in relationships with men. Annabelle's standard is "not with strangers."

How has war affected her life? "We couldn't get a telephone." What improvements would she like to see in postwar Canada? "Long dresses in style again." Has she any preference in politics? None—Annabelle couldn't name the parties. Does she want to get married? Yes, and thinks she'll probably make up her mind in the next year. She wants to have three children, and there's never going to be any quarrelling in front of them, so the poor kids will be scared stiff and have to hide, "the way I did."

Meet Sophie, aged 19

When she assures you, "I get along swell with everybody," you can easily believe it. She is reasonably attractive and has a quick and easy manner.



Sophie does stenographic work in a small office, gets \$110 a month, likes it but prefers to be part of a larger group "where you can have fun and meet people." If she doesn't get married after the war, she thinks she'd rather go back to her former job in a food processing plant where there was a nice gang. She wanted to be a nurse, but "it's too late now. I wanted to go to collegiate and take my matric so I could go in training, but we couldn't afford it." Instead she took a course in dressmaking at a technical school because her mother felt this would best prepare her for making a living. This lasted only a year, and then her mother kept her at home for two years to learn housekeeping—a common practice among people of her South-European race. There was lots of opportunity for vocational guidance at technical school, but

"it didn't do me any good because my parents decided for me." However, she doesn't regret her home training; she has learned to cook and shop and run the house, and devotion to such duties will be an important part of marriage for her.

The "right kind of schooling" should include a course on grooming and etiquette, Sophie thinks. "You don't know how kids feel when they come to school and find they're not dressed like the other kids, because their parents are foreigners and don't understand. Nothing handicaps a girl so much as not making the most of her looks." And couldn't there be courses for foreign-born parents, where they could learn the manners and customs of Canada and be able to help their children?

The conflict of her parents' "old country" point of view and her own "second generation" outlook has been the chief problem in Sophie's life. Her father was harsh and unyielding in discipline. "We were so scared of him we'd wait two weeks before we had enough nerve to ask if we could go to a movie . . . I can remember thinking it was the most terrible thing in the world not to have roller skates like the rest of the kids on our street." She and her sister were never permitted to join athletic groups; so they used to sit on the doorstep and sew and embroider. They had to be ladylike. "Even when I went to Tech and played on the girls' basketball team, my parents kicked up a fuss. But I loved the games, and I got over some of my shyness that way."

Sophie holds no grudge against her parents. "We always knew they were trying to do their best for us. They just didn't seem to know that in Canada you don't have to act that way with your children. And sometimes they would give us a nice surprise—buy us fancy toys or take us on little trips with them." Of course, during the depression there was never anything extra for the kids, but they "got by," because the father was able to hold onto his job. (In the early days he did all the shopping for the family, because his wife couldn't speak English.) Both parents had equal rights in the home; they seldom disagreed or quarrelled.

When she gets married (she's sort of engaged to a Ukrainian-Canadian soldier overseas), she hopes to have a home like her parents' but without the rigid discipline for her children. "You have to watch over them, especially with girls, but if you're too hard on them they'll break away and start lying to you." Sophie is worried about her sister and the company she keeps. But as for herself, she adheres to a strict moral code.

She goes to church to please her mother, but religion has no deep hold on her. Sophie is of the opinion that the churches could interest young people if they offered recreational programs. "If they'd have dancing and sleighing parties and moonlight cruises, then the kids would flock to church. They should have more social affairs (not just Bingo) so boys and girls of the district could get acquainted."

Her problems revolve around her future marriage ("Sometimes I wonder if I'm a fool to wait for him. I get so blue!") and anxiety as to economic security. All the young people she knows are worried about the future. "There's going to be a slump for sure. Soon as the war looks like ending, everybody'll get good and scared and be very careful what they say to the boss."

THERE are today some 2,000,000 Canadians between the ages of 15 and 24; of these, 40% are gainfully employed; 20% are in the Armed Services; 20% are housewives and others not gainfully employed; 20% are still at school. The problems and postwar needs of this group have become the special study of the Canadian Youth Commission, a citizens' organization representative of all racial groups and all shades of political and religious opinion, with committees established in each province and maintaining close contact with young people's groups. A Dominion-wide survey of youth's needs is now in progress, and the material presented in these columns has been condensed from C.Y.C. interviewers' reports. Names, places and other identifying details have been concealed, but the main facts in each case are unaltered.

The Canadian Youth Commission plans to submit reports and recommendations on such subjects as Family Life, Citizenship, Recreation, etc., to Dominion and provincial governments in April, 1945.

ALONE, madam, or are you expecting someone?" Juliette Chandler, feeling suddenly awkward and self-conscious, cleared her throat and answered in what she knew was little more than a bleat, "Er . . . I'm expecting someone."

There is something garishly macabre in the black and silver decor of a cocktail lounge at three o'clock on a bright summer afternoon. The luncheon crowd has gone, the afternoon gaiety has not yet begun. Juliette was annoyed to find herself stumbling as her light-blinded eyes tried to follow the cadaverous, shuffling waiter to a distant table.

Stupidly enough, the whole setting was causing her anticipation of this engagement to go very flat. She wished she'd stayed home and gone for a swim. This had promised to be exciting and fun the other night, at the Red Cross Ball, when she first met Rodney King. Just the age-old triangle, famous in fact and fiction. And Rodney had presented a most intriguing tri to the angle that was Juliette and Bruce Chandler. He had begun by saying solemnly, "I like everything about you, Juliette Chandler. I like your absurd nose, your half-pint size and your funny, rumbling laugh."

Juliette glanced into one of the myriad mirrors about her now and reflected that she certainly didn't resemble the type about to embark on a clandestine adventure. She wore her 26 years in a crisp, pert fashion. Her brown hair was modish but unglamorous. Her hazel eyes held no mystery and only short thick lashes hid that ignominious fact. Her mouth was curved in impish humor, her chin on the determined side. There wasn't a lush, languid line in her whole getup. She looked as if she played tennis and swam with energy and skill. She didn't, but that wasn't anybody's business.

The huge, black, glass door at the end of the room opened, and street sounds and light entered. She was not well versed in coyness, but she assumed indifference to be part of it and deliberately became engrossed in lighting her cigarette. It was, therefore, with a considerable start that she heard a feminine voice greet her.

"Hi, darling! You look wicked but kind of lonely."

"DeeDee! What on earth are you doing here?"

The tall white-haired woman laughed and sat down in the opposite chair.

"You don't imagine you're the only thirsty member of the Chandler family, do you? Expecting someone?"

Juliette's clear hazel eyes studied her for a moment and then, with the forthrightness that had made her and her mother-in-law devoted friends, she said bluntly, "You know darn well I'm expecting someone. That's why you're here. But what's the idea—and how did you find out about it?"

DeeDee laughed again and settled herself more comfortably.

"I'm a human walky-talky, darling, and you'd be surprised what a lot of news I pick up when I'm sitting out at a dance, with a headache."

"I get it. So the gals know all, is that it?"

"That's half of it. Here's the rest of it now."

Juliette looked up to see two of her friends, from Greenleaf Manor, slipping into seats farther up the room. Before she caught their glance, she leaned over and patted DeeDee's hand gratefully.

"Funny. I thought I didn't care about tongue-wagging, but I guess I do. I hate to think how this first little date of mine would have been kicked around—but plenty! You'd think, with all Rea and Janey have to do, they wouldn't have time to serve on a secret service committee too."

DeeDee shrugged. "Looky, my little innocent, when an attractive man comes to our clique-y suburb and is obviously knocked cold by Mrs. Bruce Chandler, you can be sure somebody is going to say something. Especially when Mr. Chandler is having an attack of absenteeism."

"Mr. Chandler's absenteeism is exactly the point" was the spirited reply.

"Stodgy, is he?"

Juliette laughed in spite of her disturbed spirit.

"DeeDee, you are a priceless mother-in-law. Bruce isn't actually stodgy. He hates to dance and he sent me with the Dillons, as he usually does. He always seems so certain I'll be all right. Now by darn, no woman likes to feel she's so unattractive that she's perfectly safe, no matter where her husband lets her go." She sighed and then giggled irrepressibly. "Bruce goes along merrily, knowing his home will be well run, his little daughter well cared for. He never worries about anything. Me particularly. He knows I'll be all right." She laughed, almost ruefully. "And, of course, I will be."

DeeDee opened her mouth to speak when the two at the other table caught her eye and further pretense of not seeing them was impossible.

"Hiya, you all," called Janey, in her Southern lasses voice, that became thicker and sweeter the longer she lived in the North.

DeeDee and Juliette Chandler waved, and instantly their tête-à-tête was swelled to deux à deux.

"I swear I never lay eyes on a soul I know in town—and here we run squat into you all. Rea and I just thought it would be right wild to sneak in here before taking the train. We don't usually indulge, but I declare I'm so tuckered I thought I'd die in my tracks."

Juliette was faintly amused to see that DeeDee's presence had made Janey the one who was feeling it necessary to apologize for being there in the middle of the afternoon.

"Relax, Janey, I'll explain to Wilfred," said DeeDee, with lavish understanding. "Juliette and I are hoping Rodney King is going to join us," she went on, in the straightforward manner so characteristic of her.

"Oh."

THE INTERRUPTION of the ghostly waiter gave Rea and Janey time to furl their suddenly deflated sails.

A glaring beam of sunlight pierced the gloom again and Juliette saw the angular outline of Rodney King coming toward them. She could feel the tension of the newcomers and she wondered, briefly, what she should say. But it was DeeDee who took charge, neatly, and with alarming frankness.

"Hello there, Mr. King. Please don't turn tail and run. You see, once word gets out, in our town, that a man is available in the afternoon, the entire female contingent turns out."

It was well over an hour later before DeeDee could pry the wide-eyed matrons away and excuse herself, leaving Juliette and Rodney alone.

Juliette laughingly explained.

"It isn't every woman who has her reputation saved by her mother-in-law, is it?" she finished.

"She is very charming," Rodney King said seriously, "but next time I shall choose a more obscure spot."

As "the next time" was registering in Juliette's mind, her eye caught the clock and she hurried to her feet.

"Oh, this is too bad, but I do have to go. I had hoped to have a good talk. But everybody in our neighborhood has to take the same train home to get a lift from the station."

"And the next time, Juliette?"

She hesitated. "Please don't think I'm a prig but, as you see, there are complications. Call me later and I can tell you then."

Suddenly there was something strained and sad about his smile, and for one fleeting instant Juliette saw clearly, wisely, that she should say "No" at once and end it there.

DeeDee was completely matter-of-fact about it. Juliette, meeting her on the train, wanted to talk the

whole thing over with her, in the same frank and open way she had discussed every other happening of her married life.

"DeeDee, I sounded awfully unfair to Bruce today. He's a darling, really. He's cheerful and sweet and fun. I know he's the easiest person on earth to live with. I'm crazy about him, and I—I'm really awfully happy."

"Certainly you're happy, you little dope," snorted DeeDee, "but you don't have to be wallowing in heartache to enjoy meeting an attractive man once in a while. Probably did you good."

There was something about her use of the past tense that made Juliette hesitate to go on.

"But"—an expression of extreme distaste came over DeeDee's usually cheerful face—"every suburb is full of cats, who love to tear an incurable romantic like you to bits. Dear kind souls who would give you their last butter coupon, but . . . once they get a juicy bit of gossip . . . look out! Talk, the wrong kind, is the most vicious thing in the world."

DeeDee's face was sharp now, her brief anger overtone with an even briefer sadness. Twenty-five years divorced, she spoke with such feeling Juliette was curious, for the first time, about the reason of her grass widowhood. Certainly the tone of her conversation made it plain to Juliette that her little problem of another meeting with Rodney King would have to be handled solo. It wasn't logical to expect DeeDee to advocate a plan which so obviously did not include Bruce.

And right there was an idea. Juliette would speak to Bruce. If he were as easy and casual about this as he was about the dances, then everything would be all right.

THEY HAD finished dinner that evening; Andrea, aged six, was in bed, and Juliette and Bruce were sitting together on the terrace. Bruce, in characteristic feet-up, head-back, lounging position, was as usual blowing smoke rings.

Juliette said quietly, "Are you prepared to hear the confessions of a sinner?"

Two more perfect rings floated off in the blue twilight before he spoke.

"The Great White Father is all ears, so short."

She could not prevent the exasperation in her voice. "Bruce, this is serious."

He chuckled and, after another wispy circle of smoke had drifted away, said, "Confess, sinner, I'm listening."

"I—I met Rodney King in town at Prince's today."

There was a silence, but Juliette could not even imagine it was any longer than any of the other pauses in their conversation. Bruce merely had a mouthful of smoke and he had to wait a moment before replying.

"So! Extracurricular activity, eh? Have fun?"

"Oh, Bruce!"

"You mean you didn't? Funny. I met him and he seemed an all-right guy. I rather liked him."

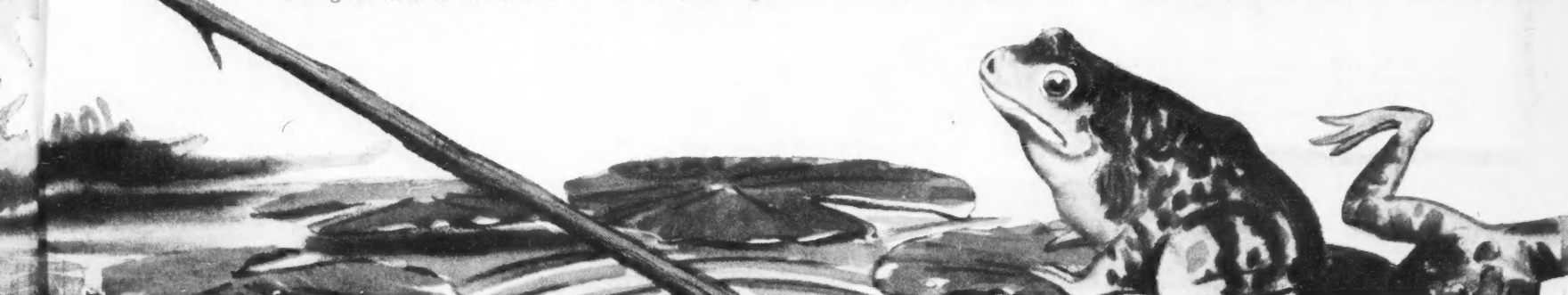
"He's a peach. I like him too. He wants me to come in again next week."

"Well, just remember, if he starts talking about his etchings, it's time to run home to papa."

There was another pause and Juliette tried hard not to be obvious and ask, "Don't you even care?" But with no success.

"I don't know what you mean, honey. You're a blamed attractive woman. Seems to me only natural he'd like to know you."

She met Rodney the following week, in a charming hidden place he said he'd been days locating. She greeted him gaily. She was a little ashamed to admit to herself that some of the tang of the meeting had been removed by Bruce's calm acceptance of it. She had rather hoped she was going to feel pretty worldly and a little wicked today and, instead, she found herself eying enviously a + Continued on page 27



Poor Juliette! Playing with fire was exciting until she discovered that innocent bystanders, like Andrea and Bruce and DeeDee, could be permanently injured by her folly

Little Acorns Grow

by ANNE HALL

Illustrated by Jack Keay

He was poking the lily pads in an effort to dislodge the bullfrogs. "Look at that one, honey. That old guy knows a good little pond to be the big frog in."



*Just a good plain
cook — that's me*

... with pride in my fluffy biscuits and deep-dish apple pie. That's why I serve Campbell's Vegetable Soup, too—because it's the kind that always brings a smile from Harry (he's my husband)—and gets him fondly saying, "Thank my lucky stars I married a gal who's got a knowing hand in the kitchen."

And let me tell you, when this war is a thing of the past, and I can spend eight beautiful hours a day in my own kitchen if I want to, Campbell's are *still* making the vegetable soup at our house! It's every bit as good as the finest my mother ever made! Matter of fact, the joke's on me — for when I told Mother so she said, "Goodness, you've eaten Campbell's Vegetable Soup all your life!"

Campbell's VEGETABLE SOUP

Made by Campbell's in Canada

Look for the Red-and-White Label



A Rich Stock simmered from fine beef and 15 different kinds of luscious garden vegetables, fixed as fussily and cooked as carefully as you would do, in your own kitchen—that's what makes Campbell's Vegetable Soup rate high with home cooks everywhere!



Concluding

Lady With a Past

BY
VISCOUNTESS
BYNG OF VIMY

Illustrated by Jack Bush.

PART IV.

From Excellency to Evacuee

Lady With a Past is Chatelaine's selection of interesting excerpts from the lively memoirs of Viscountess Byng of Vimy, soon to appear in book form under the title, "Up the Stream of Time" (Macmillans of Canada). The author is the widow of a distinguished Governor-General of Canada, the great soldier who had command of the Canadian Corps during the war of 1914-1918. Since 1940 Lady Byng has been living in Ottawa. She is now in her 75th year.

I SELDOM saw my husband more thrilled than the day Mr. Churchill offered him the post of Governor-General of Canada. It meant he was to be reunited with the men he had led during part of the Great War, and it would give him a chance to study their country and its problems. For myself, the job gave me a fuller opportunity of sharing with him the responsibilities of his task, because the wife of a Governor-General can do much to make or mar a regime. Added to this, I had happy memories of Canada, of its scenery and flowers, treasured from my childhood.

It was good to know, as we boarded the "Empress of France," that we weren't going to Canada as an unknown man and woman, for my husband's name was already a household word throughout the Dominion. There were thousands of men who had seen, met and talked with him, and he came to Canada not so much as the appointee of a government but at the openly expressed wish of the men who had fought with him round Ypres and on the slopes of Vimy Ridge. We knew a warm welcome awaited us, and realized it was for us to prove it was deserved—a feeling which was accentuated when on Aug. 12, 1921, we faced an immense crowd gathered before the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa. It consisted largely of wildly cheering ex-servicemen among whom my husband walked—under a scorching sun which melted the asphalt so that it clung to my high heels and reduced his cocked hat to a pulpy mass by the time we drove to Rideau Hall, where I had lived as a child, and where I was to take up the reins as mistress for five busy, interesting years.

There are many pleasant sides to the Governor-General's existence. Life is made easy, and travelling a luxurious delight, though as in all things, there is a reverse side which my husband voiced rather sadly one day when we had been in Canada nearly two years. "You know," he said, "the worst of it all is that we shall leave here without having made any friends." However, he cheered up when I suggested that he was unduly gloomy because though we couldn't "play favorites" at that time, we were sowing the seeds of friendships which would ripen once we were home again and free to see whomsoever we chose, and as often as we chose.

Eventually we found this was true, though unfortunately Canadians were, in many cases, so discreet that we frequently didn't know of their presence in England till they had gone back and so, much to our regret, missed seeing them. I fancy there was a vague feeling among many of them that "once a Governor-General, always a Governor-General," and therefore not to be approached!! Which was foolish because when you leave an official position, you should slough off its advantages and disadvantages as a snake sloughs off its skin, and



At the hotel cafeteria in Ottawa: I found myself between husband and wife as she cried out, in an ultra-English voice, "Oh Henry, isn't this TOO amusing!"

just become your everyday self again. I know no more lamentable spectacle than the ex-bigwig and his wife "vice-regaling" on the sofa, with amiable condescension, ineffable graciousness, or pompous superiority to all within their radius, and, seeing such performances, I have often questioned whether it was tragic or farcical? Anyhow it shows a lack of humor and a complete inability to appraise the true value of pomps and ceremonies. Never let us give up pomps and shows; let us keep our coronations, naval reviews, Trooping of the Color; and let Parliaments throughout the Empire open to the sound of guns, the crash of bands, and all those attributes which pertain to kingship and its representatives. But once that representative has stepped off his temporary pedestal, let him put it all behind him and realize it is not for him as an individual, but as the representative of the Sovereign, and therefore let him slip back into his own niche in life, glad to feel that he has done his best for king and country.

I LOVED our years at Rideau Hall, though I am not the type which likes having its wings clipped by inhibitions, as clipped they always are in such posts, and I was quite ready, when the time came, to step off the pedestal of gubernatorial grandeurs, for I had learned that such pedestals are insecure places, and also admirable targets for the envious or the ill-disposed. To me, one of the worst inhibitions of those days was the inability to accept hospitality from one's neighbors, though I quite appreciated the need for this ruling from England, since there the King only dines in peers' houses, and in Canada there was no such line of demarcation as to why you could dine with A and B but not with C and D, who were equally nice. Unfortunately during our regime none of the Cabinet Ministers entertained—though with them we could have dined—nor was there a Diplomatic Corps which now exists and adds immensely to the social life of Ottawa, and to whose houses the Governor-General can go, and on neutral ground meet people whom he mightn't contact otherwise. That has made a great difference in the life of the inhabitants of Government House, for, no matter how excellent your cook may be, there are moments when you do rather crave for fresh fields and pastures new in the culinary line.

However, that was a minor restriction really, and I was never bored at Ottawa because there was always a job to be done and much entertaining, which I liked. I was amused and pleased to find, when I returned again in 1940, that among other things the fancy dress ball of my last birthday in Canada was still remembered, and also the musical comedy, "Oriental Ottawa," written by my husband and acted by members of the staff and certain of our Ottawa friends. Nobody, not even the actors, knew at the time who the author was, and nobody + Continued on page 32



Pat Hodgson, my husband's private secretary, was an excellent mimic, and would perch one of my hats on his head and imitate me receiving a bouquet from a child.



Alas, as he turned to descend the next flight, he repeated the performance, landing with such a clatter of spurs and sword that it sounded like a kitchen range broken loose.



Only 2 Tablespoons of Sugar!

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Feather-light...Tender... Made With MAGIC
 So short on sugar... so long on lusciousness—it's hard to believe that Magic's melty-rich Orange Shortcake takes only 2 tablespoons... $\frac{1}{8}$ of a cup—of your precious sugar!

And even in sugar-short recipes, count on dependable Magic for finer texture...more delicious flavor in every cake you bake. Always bake with Magic—see why it's been a baking standby with Canadian women for 3 generations.

MADE IN CANADA

MAGIC ORANGE SHORTCAKE

2 cups pastry flour (or $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups bread flour)
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt
 2 tbs. sugar
 4 tbs. Magic Baking Powder
 3 tbs. shortening
 About $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk

Orange sections

Sift dry ingredients; cut in shortening till very fine; add milk to make soft dough. Turn dough onto floured board and shape into a round cake about 1-inch thick.

Bake in lightly greased layer-cake tin or on baking sheet in hot oven (425°F.) for 20-25 minutes. Split and butter while hot. Place whole sections of seedless oranges, free from skin, between layers and top with

ORANGE SAUCE

Combine $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of orange sections halved with enough honey to sweeten, about $\frac{1}{2}$ cup. Let stand in refrigerator for $\frac{1}{2}$ hour or longer before pouring over shortcake. Serve with whipped cream, if desired.



& McCarthy plays a new tune



"Look, Susie—
these words mean
the finest tasting
bacon!"



THE BRAND WITH THE SWEET SMOKE TASTE
famous as Canada's most popular bacon



Tune in The Breakfast Club
every morning. See your
local paper for times and stations.

Swift Canadian Co. Limited

Safe At Last

Continued from page 7

warm with approval. Especially a feminine safety inspector, for Pete is about six feet tall and is built like a prizefighter. An amateur prizefighter, that is, for his nose isn't broken and his ears aren't cauliflowered. There are no layers of scaly skin over his dark brown eyes.

Pete is pleased with the reflection, but that's not what makes him stop all of a sudden. Responsible for that is that he spies Miss Barber walking toward a table. In one hand she has a glass of milk; in the other she's carrying a sandwich. She has no more hands left, the way Pete figures it, with which to pull back a chair. He rises to the occasion. He dashes through the door, skims by a customer carrying a full tray, and is standing at attention, a chair pulled back, at the only empty table, before Miss Barber can reach it.

Miss Barber sets the sandwich on the table, then the milk. Elaborately, with both hands, she pulls out another chair.

"Thank you," she says with exaggerated sweetness.

"I'll be right back," Pete proclaims. "Wait here."

He goes over to the counter and gets a cup of coffee. When he returns to Miss Barber there is a man sitting next to her. A young man, who is big and handsome and who has a sign on his tin hat which also says "Safety Inspector." Beneath the sign are two stars which means he's a foreman in the department.

Pete is a gracious host. "I'm Murphy—Peter Murphy," he announces, extending a hand. "This is Miss Barber, Mr.—uh—Mr.—Uh?" He waves weakly with the hand which Mr. Uh declines to shake.

"I know Miss Barber," says Two-Stars. "I've known her all my life. She knows me too."

The situation is a trifle awkward. Miss Barber comes to the rescue. "Sit down, Mr. Murphy," Pete smiles and Two-Stars scowls. "All the other tables are full," she adds. Two-Stars smiles and Pete scowls.

The meeting is not a success. Miss Barber smiles at Two-Stars in a manner which does things—bad things—to Pete's heart. Two-Stars has a strong claim on Miss Barber's affections and instinct warns him that Pete's motives go beyond just making polite conversation. He's got a good thing in little Miss Barber and he knows it. He plans to keep it all to his own big self. Pete decides to leave, but there are three strong points against such a move:

(1) He hasn't seen anything so lovely as Miss Barber for quite some time.
(2) The more she's alone with Two-Stars, the more sales talk he can put over.
(3) When he goes back he has to wrestle a 90-lb. riveting gun a couple more falls.

The conversation is very dull. In fact, there isn't any. After a while Miss Barber and Two-Stars get up and leave. Pete follows. The rest of the day is

tough. Sometimes Pete seems to have the best of it, sometimes the riveting gun looks like the winner. By quitting time, Pete doesn't care much. The riveting gun is still going strong.

PETER MURPHY lives in a boarding-house full of other shipyard workers but fast footwork makes him first into the bathtub. The first tubful he just sits in and relaxes. When it begins to cool, he washes. Then he fills it again and he does some more sitting. The hot water oozes in and soothes his gripping muscles a little. Pete ohs and ahs contentedly. Visions of the gorgeous Miss Barber hover about his half-closed eyes. The coffee shop scene naturally reminds him that the water is getting cold again. He starts to draw another tubful, but there is a horrible commotion at the door. Unkind words filter through. Pete realizes there are other dirty tired men who want to get in.

All that hot water not only loosens up Pete's muscles, it also gets his thinking equipment back into good working order. An idea comes at once. He dresses carefully, then goes down to the hallway and picks up a telephone book.

He flips the pages over quickly until he gets to the B's. He goes slower after that until he comes to the Barbers—32 of them. Twelve have women's first names. First he tries the number listed after Agatha Barber.

"Yes?" answers a high shrill voice.

"Are you a safety inspector?" Pete asks politely.

"Safety inspector, indeed! Now you listen to me, fresh guy—"

Pete hangs up hastily.

Bernice Barber isn't a safety inspector either. But she likes the sound of his voice. She is 16 and wants phone pals. Pete doesn't.

The next female Barber listed is Clara, who states plainly that she wishes inebriated men would kindly refrain from pestering her. So does Pete.

Jean Barber is a safety inspector. "At Seaside Shipbuilding Corp., Inc.?" "Yes."

"This is Murphy—Pete Murphy. Remember?"

"Oh, yes," Jean remembers. "How are you doing with your reading?"

"I know every rule," Pete lies. "Forward, upside-down and backward."

"Especially backward, I'll bet." She's still handy with the cold water throwing.

Pete changes his tactics. "As a matter of fact," he confesses, "there's one rule here I don't understand. Will you explain it to me?"

"It's after four o'clock," she reminds him, "and that's when I quit interpreting safety regulations."

"But how will you feel if something happens to me. You can't build ships in a hospital, a safety inspector told me."

"Oh, all right. What is it?"

Pete mumbles into the speaker. "I'm sorry, I can't hear you."

Pete mumbles again. "What? What did you say?"

"The connection is bad, I guess. Hold on a minute. I'll be right over."

✦ Continued on page 22

Sailor's Choice

By Georgia Lynn Newell

Which gal is for me on this blind date?

You mean I can have my choice?

Okay! Let's see their pitchers

And then I'll raise me voice!

Gee! . . . Mary's sure the berries!

Wow! . . . Look at the smile on Mi!

And that classy pan of Mae Suzanne

Could make me jump the bri!

Oh, boy! They're all such nifties

My brains is in a whirl!

So mate, you shuffle: choose one out

And that'll be my girl!

For jeepers, it's the darndest thing,

When pickin' out a femme,

My preference of all the dames

Is dese, and dose, and dem!

THE CHALLENGE OF TOMORROW

Those early Canadian pioneers whose deeds and names live on, had, despite varying origins and backgrounds and education, one thing in common—Enterprise—the greatest force for progress ever known.

Enterprise discovered and explored Canada, developed and utilized her resources, built her cities and populated her domain.

Enterprise, and its attendant virtues, faith, vision, and determination, prompted Robert McLaughlin to launch a carriage works in 1869—years later, inspired his sons to convert the thriving carriage shop into automobile production, into General Motors of Canada.

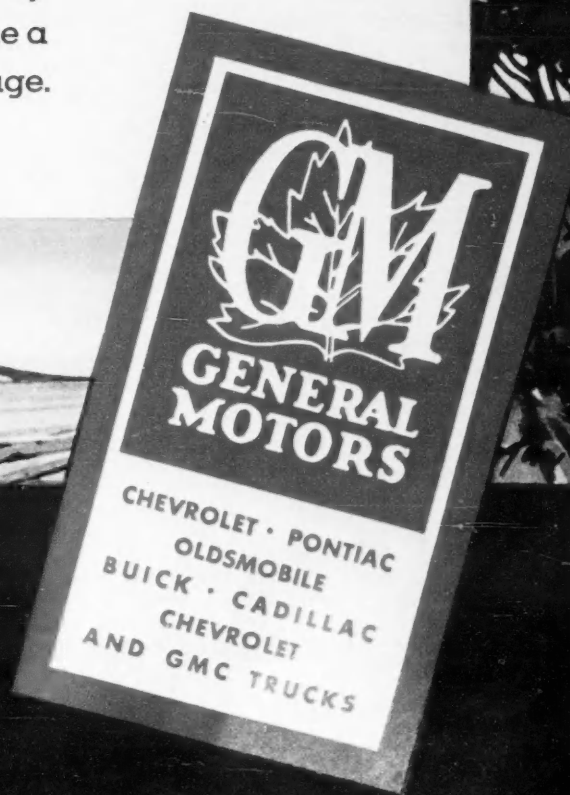
Enterprise enabled General Motors to become, in peace, producer of over a quarter of a million civilian cars and trucks—in war, a mighty arsenal forging front-line weapons for a fighting people.

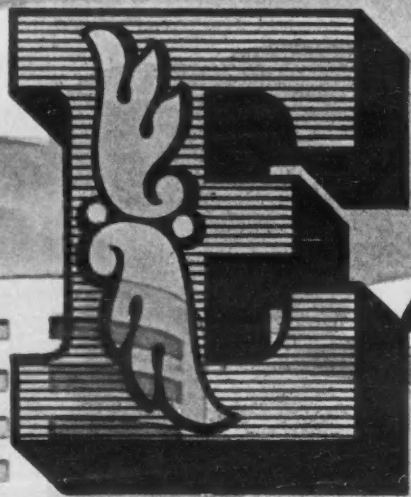
And enterprise—daring, individual, independent—is still the key to prosperity—the force that will best serve Canada in the years that lie ahead.

To meet the challenge of tomorrow, the enterprise and initiative already demonstrated by General Motors will create better, safer transportation; link communities more closely together; provide faster, easier distribution of goods. And the enterprise and initiative, already demonstrated by Canadians as a whole, will ensure this nation and her people a rich and splendid future, worthy of a rich and splendid heritage.

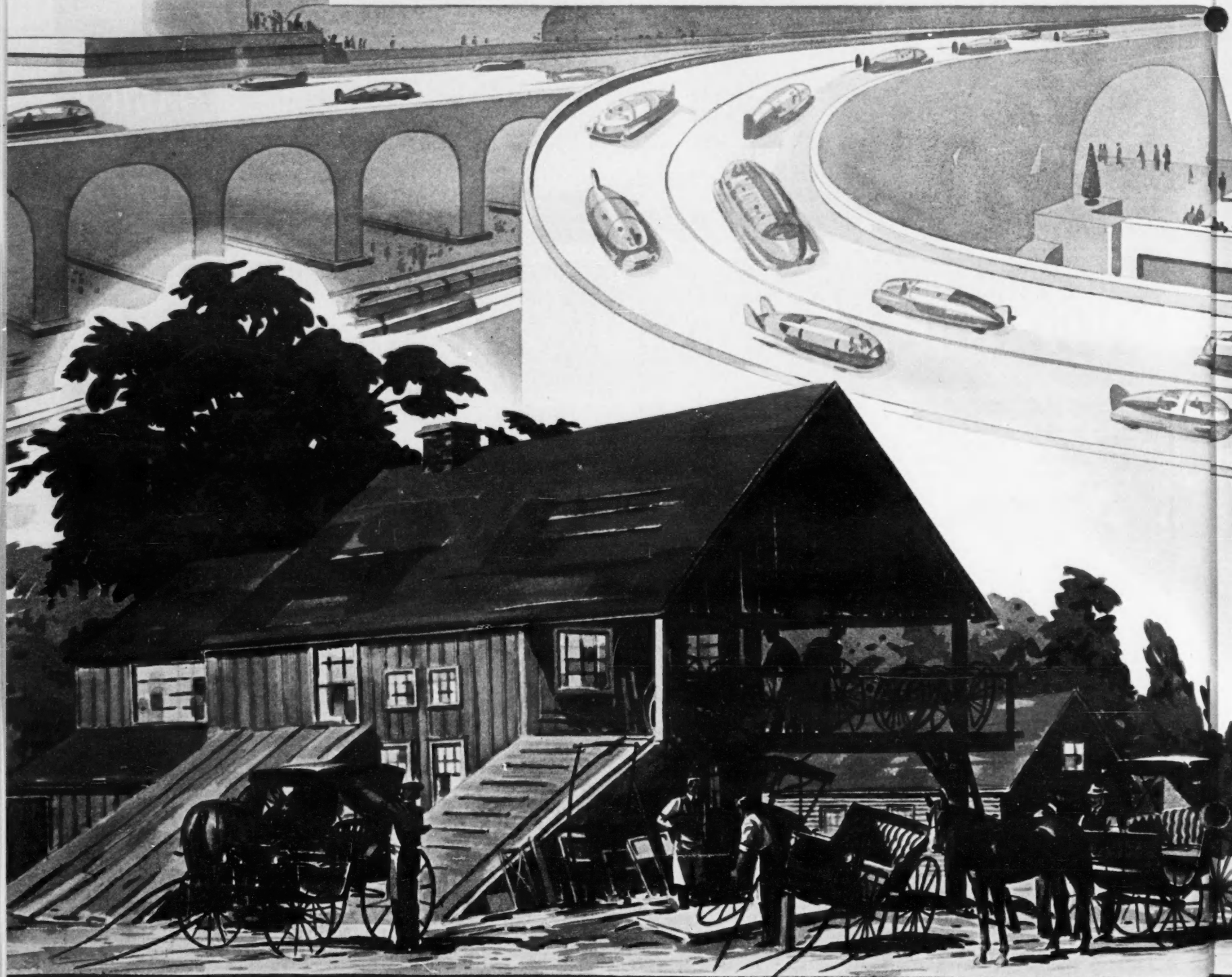
MOTORS

FOR MORE PEOPLE





Enterprise... **AND**



G E N E R A L

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Pete hangs up quickly. The gods are smiling on him.

IT'S A very different Miss Barber which opens the door at the apartment. All of her hair is visible now and it's reddish-gold. It's soft-looking and comes down to her shoulders in a gentle swirl. Her eyes are still green and so is the dress which clings to her body—to the waist—like dew to a petal.

Pete is a little startled. First, by how beautiful she is in a dress. Second, by how quickly she got into that dress. He's complimenting himself on the big impression he's made when a new and terrifying thought whizzes through his brain.

"That dress," he says. "Who is it for?"

"Steve and I are going out for dinner," says she.

"Steve? Is he a safety inspector?"

"Yes. A foreman. With two stars on his hat."

She lets this bit of information sink in for a moment.

"That rule?" she asks. "The one you couldn't understand?"

Pete taps his coat pockets, then his pants pockets. He riles through them all. Of course he can't find any safety rules.

Further embarrassment is postponed by the telephone.

"Hello." Her voice is deep and husky. "Hello, Steve." There's a lilt to it.

While she's listening to Steve, Peter Murphy walks in and sits in the most comfortable chair—the one nearest the telephone. Even then he can't make out anything but a lot of crackling noises coming over the wire.

"I'm awfully sorry, Steve. I'll see you tomorrow."

She starts to hang up, but the receiver is still crackling. She puts it back up to her ear. "Oh, I'll just run across the street to Nick's and get something. Good-by now."

"Standing you up?" Pete asks tactlessly.

"Steve has ambition." There's a hint of pride in her voice. And a hint, also, that some people—with her in the same room—aren't so ambitious.

That's where she's wrong. Murphy has an ambition: to take her to dinner. It takes quite a bit of cajoling, but finally she consents.

"I am hungry," she admits, "and I guess I would look kind of funny at Nick's in this outfit."

"You wouldn't look funny any place in any outfit," Pete says gallantly. "Particularly not at Jim & Jane's."

These remarks earn him a big smile. Pete's not sure whether the smile is for the compliment or because Jim & Jane's is the swankiest place in town. It could be, he hopes, that she's smiling simply because she's beginning to like him.

Pete helps her into her coat and keeps his arm on her elbow as they start down the stairs. "Careful," she says seriously. "Stairs are tricky. Last year 482 people were killed and more than 2,000 were hurt by falling downstairs."

The number killed standing on the curb hailing taxis, she reports a minute later, is 231. The number hurt at the same occupation is exactly 1,098.

"How many got cabs?" Pete asks after two have sailed by.

His wisecrack is drowned out by a cab which is looking for a load. It's probably just as well, for Miss Barber is a girl who will stand for no fooling with accident statistics.

This is quite a mystery to Pete. He desires no mysteries as to what makes

beautiful dolls like Jean Barber tick. You have to know all the angles if you're going to get any place, Pete figures.

His approach is direct. "What gives with the fatalities and injuries? Are you writing a college paper on the subject?"

"I've been helping Steve prepare for his examination."

"Maybe you should take it for him. You seem to have all the figures down pat."

"Oh, Steve knows them all right. He has ambition."

Steve is getting too much attention to suit Pete. "You repeat yourself, lady," he says. He's peeved and he can't keep a little of the churlishness out of his voice.

"It's a most fascinating subject." She knows it's going to hurt, but she pours it on.

This is a tactical error and Pete can spot one of them at 20 paces. He turns on the charm and keeps it on all evening. By the time they have finished dessert she is gay and smiling.

"Very many people catch the plague while dancing?" he asks.

"I don't remember," she says, laughing. "I haven't thought about people getting killed for almost two hours."

"Good feeling?"

"Swell."

The music is sweet and lively. So is Miss Jean Barber. Pete tries to be sweet, but has to give up on the lively part, for the kicks of that riveting gun begin to tell on him. All in all, though, the evening is a big success. When he tells her good night at the door of her apartment, he's done well enough to brush his lips over her hair. She doesn't protest. She just giggles softly, which may mean you-shouldn't-have-done-that, but which probably means I'm-glad-you-did.

NEXT MORNING Pete is in fine fettle and it's a good thing he is. When he gets up to his job on the top deck of the ship there is a big conference going on, strictly of big shots. Joe Capella, the riveter foreman, is doing nothing but nodding and saying, "Yes, sir, yes, sir." When people like Joe Capella limit their conversations to courteous acquiescence, they're listening to somebody really big. In this case it's J. H. Prince, owner of a chain of shipyards including Seaside Shipbuilding Corp., Inc.

"We've got to get this ship out in two more days," Prince is saying as Pete goes by.

"Yes, sir," says Joe.

"That's a week ahead of schedule," Prince goes on, "but if we can do it, we'll set a record the boys will remember when they start handing out postwar contracts."

"Yes, sir." Joe Capella can't seem to get out of his conversational rut.

"We've made a lot of records before, but this is the one that really counts." Mr. J. L. Prince walks off briskly to search out other foremen whose language will consist only of polite "Yes, sirs."

As soon as Mr. Prince is out of earshot Joe Capella turns to Pete and a couple other riveters who have joined him. "All right, you guys" (his courtesy is gone with Mr. Prince), "you heard Mr. Biggie. This baby is 'hot' now. Give her the gun all day long or I'll give you some of the same."

Joe Capella is a man of his word. All morning he keeps his crew leaning on their riveting guns. When the noon whistle blows, Pete turns off the air to his gun, but he can't stop vibrating. He's giving a good imitation of a man suffering from St. Vitus dance when Jean Barber shows up on the ship. There's

He picks up his riveting gun again and gets set to drive the last few rivets in. He walks out to the edge of his bit of staging before he notices that Jean has come out on it to talk to him.

"I'd like to explain something," she says, stepping up near him. The combined weight of the two is too much for the weakened staging. The other end of the plank on which they are standing starts to lift.

Pete makes a quick grab for the ship's railing with one hand and for Jean with the other. He gets the railing, but misses Jean. She screams and starts to drop 50 feet straight down into the bay. Pete watches her, fascinated like a bird is supposed to be fascinated by a snake. He is even more fascinated when her jacket catches onto the piece of timber sticking out from below. She hangs there helpless, too scared now even to scream.

Pete scrambles up to the deck of the ship and a big crowd gathers, all standing around, doing nothing. Steve's voice breaks the spell.

"Somebody run and get the crane," he shouts. "Get the wire stretcher. We'll hook it to the crane and let them lower me down to her."

Pete's back in action too. "That will take too long," he protests. "By the time the crane gets here, that piece of timber will give way." His words are underscored by a frightened scream from Jean, who has recovered her voice. Her jacket is too frail for the weight suspended from it. It starts to tear.

"Quick, now!" Pete takes command. "Unhook that welder's line." In a second someone hands him the long, coiled, slight rubber hose which welders use. "Three of you huskies hang on to this end," Pete orders. He tosses the other end over the side of the ship.

"Are you crazy," Steve shouts. "You can't go over on that welder's line. It won't support the weight of both of you."

"It's a chance I'll have to take."

"A chance you'll have to take! If you get killed on that flimsy thing while I'm here to stop you, it will go against my record. I'll—I'll lose my new job—that I haven't even started on yet."

HE SPEAKS loud enough for his voice to carry easily to Jean. They have a marked effect on her. She starts to turn, her face livid with anger, but the motion makes her jacket tear another inch.

For Driving Women

Continued from page 13

But one thing is certain: women's needs and tastes are going to stack up very importantly when it comes to car designs of the future. "Women," said one manufacturer, "have a terrific influence in the purchase of a car, so naturally when we're designing a new model we give very definite consideration to their likes and dislikes."

He thinks that sensational paint jobs, on the whole, are not generally accepted by women of discriminating taste. "You know, you've seen a woman coming down the street, dressed in red and green and maybe some yellow. Well, that one particular woman may look very smart, because it suits her type and she can get away with it. But take the woman who wears black and white, is there anything smarter, generally speaking? Well, it's just the same with a paint job in a car... you have to admit there's a lot of style appeal in the simple and unspectacular."

She subsides.

"I'm going to love what you want to say," Pete calls down to her, "but just keep it to yourself for a minute."

Pete goes overboard slowly, letting himself down on the welder's line, hand over hand. The rubber line, or hose, stretches dangerously, but it bears his weight. He swings in the air until he can reach the timber to which Jean's jacket has snagged.

"Okay. Put your arms around my neck," he tells her. This is not entirely necessary, for she could clutch the welder's line. But Peter Murphy is not the kind to pass up any kind of bet. Jean obeys with pleasing alacrity.

Slowly and carefully he lets himself down with his precious burden. The welder's line stretches farther. Up above, the crowd is holding its breath. The end of the welder's line is about 10 feet from the water. What seems like an eternity after he picks up Jean, Peter reaches the end.

"Can you swim?" he asks.

"Yes-s." She's still frightened.

"Can you dive?"

"Not very good."

"Well, here's your chance to practice. Into the drink, my sweet."

"It's awfully far."

"So it is, but we're at the end of our rope—I mean, welder's line. So long, sweetheart, I'll be with you in a second."

In she goes, feet first. Before she's up out of the water, Pete follows.

The reunion on the ways is a very happy one. They're both sopping wet and dripping, especially Jean, for tears are mixing freely with the waters of the bay.

"We'll have to change our clothes. It isn't safe to stand around in wet clothes—" Pete feels he has to say something, although how she can get away to change clothes when he's holding her tight in his arms is something else again.

"Safe!" Jean starts to disentangle herself from him. "That reminds me of some unfinished business—"

"I'll take care of it for you later," Pete volunteers, holding her closer. She snuggles contentedly.

"I've heard tell," Pete says pointedly, "that the casualty rate among married people is much less than with single folk."

"There's only one sure way to find out," she murmurs. "Let's give it a trial." *

In one of the big manufacturing firms I visited, the feminine reaction is valued so highly that women models are brought in to help the car designers decide on what they term the "tremendous trifles." Short women and tall women, slim and not so slim, actually influence decisions such as the angle and depth of car cushions, the type of cushioning (springs or rubber), accelerator angles, and of course color schemes inside and out. And at this particular headquarters I learned that color is going to play an important part in their postwar cars, in various combinations and shadings—you may have, say, a complete two-tone green job perfectly harmonized throughout fabric, painted surfaces, etc.

Comfortable and adjustable seats, improvements in the gear-shifting operation, better visibility and improved types of upholstery—all these are on the books for the special approval of The Ladies.

But most of the automotive men have a conviction that women are not "technically" or "mechanically" minded.

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2 At the First Sniffle or Sneeze put a few drops of clinic-tested Vicks Va-tro-nol up each nostril. Use as directed in package. This specialized medication is expressly designed to aid natural defenses against colds—and so helps prevent many colds from developing. (If you should have a mean head cold, use Vicks Va-tro-nol to relieve the distress.)

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something about the serious look on her face which suddenly makes him forget the terrific beating he's been taking all morning.

"Hi, gorgeous!" says Pete genially. Pete's the type who believes you can avoid a lot of bad news by refusing to recognize it. Miss Barber belongs to the opposite school of thought. She comes right out with the ill tidings.

"I just came over to say good-by. I'm quitting as soon as this ship is launched." There's a doubtful smile on her face. She hesitates a moment, then she lets him have it, hard. "I'm going to be married."

Pete hasn't been paying too much attention. He's too busy enjoying how beautiful she is and how her eyes seem to cloud over when she's unhappy.

"Best wishes! I wish—"

SUDDENLY HE reacts. "Married?" he shouts, jumping to his feet. The movement gets him to vibrating again to the rhythm of a riveting gun in action.

"I promised Steve this morning," Jean says simply. "Last night, while we were having fun—while we were eating dinner—Steve got the job he's been working toward for years."

"It's safe to be married now, he figures?" Pete's question is eloquently sarcastic.

Her lips quiver a little. There's just a hint of a tear in her eyes. Somehow or other this is tougher going than she anticipated.

"Yes!" She tries to be defiant but doesn't do too well at it. "Steve saw Mr. Prince last night. If this ship goes out in record time and we get a postwar contract, Steve will be the chief safety engineer. It will be a big job."

Before Pete can make further remarks, Jean stamps off. Pete watches her and thinks her shoulders shake a little, like women's shoulders do when they cry. Then she stiffens them and walks resolutely over to the ramp which goes off the ship.

The rest of the afternoon Joe Capella is even more watchful of his crew than in the morning. Pretty soon the riveters begin to get the spirit of the thing. It's a race against time and the stakes are pretty big. Pete tries not to remember that they're even bigger for him. The faster he works the closer he brings the time of Jean's wedding.

He keeps right on flattening rivets, though, and that night he's glad he did. He telephones Jean, but there is no answer. He is too tired to do anything about it, even if anything could have been done. Pete goes to sleep early and his last conscious thought is, "They're probably making the rounds of the jewellery shops, finding a wedding ring appropriate for the wife-to-be of a chief safety engineer."

Steve's smug complacency on the ship next morning indicates that Pete had been right. Steve is around bright and early, sporting another star on his hat, which now makes him a supervisor. He's going up fast, Pete thinks. But not half so fast as the ship. The day before was a corker, but compared to today, yesterday is like leisure time at the Old Folks' Home. High tide is scheduled in about three hours and high tide—which is the only time ships can be launched at Seaside—has a reputation for keeping its schedules pretty well. In those three hours a lot of work has to be done. And the staging has to be torn down so that the ship can slide into the bay.

Joe Capella looks at his watch every three minutes. Every time he looks at his watch he shakes his head a little

harder. He's just about to shake his head off his shoulders when he sees Steve. "Hey," Joe shouts. "Hey, safety man."

Steve is annoyed at this lack of respect, but he goes over. "It's like this," Capella tells him, "my men can get all the rivets driven in time." He looks at his watch again. "But it will take another two hours to get that staging down." Joe waves at the tiers of wooden platforms constructed around the vessel.

Steve's smugness is replaced by a frown. Three hours for riveting and two more to tear down the staging! By that time the tide will start out again and the launching held up a whole day. He can see the records go by the boards. And with it his postwar chief safety engineer's job. And with that his wedding to Jean. He makes up his mind quick.

"Okay," he says. "Get a crew to start tearing down the staging. Start from the bottom and work up. It should all be down by the time the riveters get through."

It is, too. When riveters are finished on other ships, the vessel is still comfortably cradled within ribbons of wooden platforms, at about six-foot levels, all the way around. These platforms, the staging, are erected as the ship rises on the ways. The primary reason for them is so that the workmen can reach whatever part of the ship they're working on. The secondary reason is for safety. Men do fall off when they're working on ships. If they fall six feet to the staging below, instead of 50 feet into the bay, their chances of survival are greatly increased.

All good safety inspectors, especially if they are soon to become chief safety engineers, know this. Even Steve knows it, but the ship has to go out. Mr. Prince said so. If it doesn't go out on time, and if Joe Capella tells Mr. Prince that launching was held up by a safety inspector, that safety inspector might easily find himself temporarily out of a job.

THE TIDE is up full and the riveters are bucking down the last plate. It's a close race, but it's practically over and the stockholders of Seaside Shipbuilding Corp., Inc., can start right in on their postwar planning. The stage riggers are right on the heels of the riveters. They have just one section left—a plank stretched precariously between two uprights. It is on this that Peter Murphy is standing, praying that he can hold out until the job is finished.

He stops for a last breather and he's a mighty tired young man. The launching crew—the people who will ride the ship when she goes down the ways—are already aboard. This includes Miss Jean Barber. She strolls nonchalantly—at least she hopes it looks nonchalant—toward Peter Murphy.

Pete has only one subject on his mind and when Jean approaches he can't keep it to himself.

"Well, I guess it's all over but the shouting," he said. He's talking about her marriage to Steve, of course, but she chooses to misunderstand. "Yes," she answers with forced casualness, "the launching should be held in a few moments now."

Okay, Pete figures, if that's the way she wants it. He stares disconsolately at the bay, 50 feet below. Idly he notes that in the rush somebody has forgotten to take down a lone piece of timber about five feet below his platform. Subconsciously he thinks: It will fall off during the launching, or they can get it off at the outfitting dock.

Little Acorns Grow

Continued from page 15

stunning piece of chintz on one of the deep chairs. That was exactly the pattern she had wanted for Bruce's study . . . now where . . . ?

Rodney's voice brought her back. "You are even more beautiful than the first time I saw you, Juliette."

Juliette glowed with pleasure. This was the sort of thing every woman needed once in a while, and she must enjoy every second of it and forget that silly chintz. Besides, she had already done over the chairs in the study and they looked lovely. It was clever, though, the way this binding was put on . . .

"I feel as if I am being rushed along at a mad pace . . . toward some wonderful destiny. Are you conscious of that too?"

Juliette shook her head. "Sorry. I am conscious only of a very familiar feeling—hunger."

Rodney King laughed. "I see I am going too fast for you. But I am a patient man, my dear, and I am more than happy to go one step at a time."

Again Juliette had the uncomfortable feeling that she should end this little adventure at once. She said, sharply, "I assure you, Rodney, if the steps are leading anywhere, I can't see you again."

His eyes were steady. "I have to see you often. But, I swear to you, we won't go one step beyond where you want to go. Lead the way, Juliette. Tell me what you are thinking about at this moment."

Juliette laughed. "You'll be disappointed. I was wondering how much a yard that lovely chintz is over there."

Rodney laughed with her and turned the conversation to talk of current plays and books, his interest in music. It was absurd, she thought, to suspect any sinister implication in this innocent, impersonal chatting.

They met many times after that and Juliette found him more charming, more interesting and stimulating each time. He followed her lead and their conversations were gay and impersonal, filled with laughter and nonsense or good rich talk. Women experienced in flirtations would be disgusted, Juliette mused, to hear her recounting to this attractive man her absurd tales about charwomen or the devilish time she had taking Andrea to the circus. But they had fun together and that was the way Juliette wanted it.

"I like your hat, Juliette . . . and I can honestly say this is the first time I have ever liked a woman's hat."

"But how nice! I was afraid it was too silly for me," she said, remembering Bruce had yet to notice that she wore a hat.

Weeks after they had been meeting, Rodney said, "If we should ever go dancing, will you promise to wear that lovely gold gown you wore the night I met you?"

The dress had been new that night

and she would wager Bruce couldn't even guess the color of it.

And then she giggled to herself as she frankly realized what a well-worn road she was travelling. The usual comparisons, always in favor of the gay philanderer, always damning the neglectful husband! Flirtations, she knew, "only lead to trouble." "Somebody always gets hurt." She was "playing with fire" and she giggled again as she rolled the exciting phrases around in her well-ordered mind.

"We are not hurting anyone, dear Juliette, and we are giving me a great deal of happiness."

"Oh, me too," Juliette laughed.

IT WAS true. The meetings and compliments gave zest to her week; made her feel devastatingly attractive and charming. She fairly glowed under the magic of Rodney's devoted attention.

A solemn little remark from Andrea one evening brought that fact home, rather surprisingly.

"Mother is prettier now than she used to be," she said. "It seems to me she looks like a young lady instead of a

woman. Doesn't it seem to you, daddy?"

Bruce fairly howled with delight and called Juliette "young lady" for days.

Added to her pleasure in the meetings with Rodney was the exciting business of keeping them secret from her interested and curious neighbors. As she adroitly wiggled out of conflicting engagements with her friends, she was conscious of a triumphant sensation. Why, if there were anything to this little *affaire*, it would be duck soup to fool everybody

she knew. Including DeeDee.

And there she was troubled. She and DeeDee were genuinely devoted, they had always been completely sincere with each other; it very definitely disturbed Juliette to deceive her. She smiled as she realized how silly it was to feel remorseful over deceiving her husband's mother when virtually two-timing her husband didn't bother her at all.

Bruce's bland acceptance of the situation was almost irritating. At first she had told him consistently about her meetings with Rodney. Always he said, "Oh, how is he? Why don't you invite him out here?" or "Say, what kind of a job does that guy hold that he can take a pretty woman out any time he wants to?" Gradually she failed to mention the many times she went to the city for social engagements. In her utterly artless way she knew it took the edge off her rendezvous to have it accepted so complacently.

She was vaguely disturbed one day at Rodney's revelation of how much her companionship meant to him.

"I didn't dream five days could be so endless, Juliette. I walked miles and miles to kill time until this moment should arrive. After my work is finished I have only to wait for you."

Momentarily amazed, Juliette thought back over the five days and realized how very full they had been for her. Gardening, painting the porch furniture,

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LOTS of people think "it's just a little cold." But that little cold can use up a lot of your body's resistance against disease.

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If you take the simple precautions below, chances are good that you won't be one of the thousands of victims of pneumonia this winter—or one of the countless victims of other frequent complications of respiratory infections.



1. When a cold strikes . . . go to bed if possible. At least stay indoors and rest *all* you can. It may help to take a hot bath, or soak your feet in hot water, and drink a hot lemonade before retiring. Be sure to avoid chilling.



3. Drink large quantities of milk, fruit juice, and plain water. Take a laxative if needed.



2. You must go to work? Remember that you may infect your cold on others. If you really *must*, then wear warm, protective clothing. Avoid drafts and sudden chilling. Keep your sneezes and coughs covered up.



4. Treat that sore throat to a gargle. For example, a teaspoonful of salt or bicarbonate of soda in a glass of warm water.

IF YOUR COLD seems more severe than usual, or if it starts with aching, chilliness, and fever, call the doctor without delay. Pneumonia may be indicated.

Most forms of pneumonia and certain other respiratory infections are often successfully treated with sulfa drugs—particularly if diagnosed early. Remember, sulfa drugs should be taken only when prescribed by a doctor.

But, an ounce of prevention is still worth a pound of cure. Do your best to avoid colds. Watching your diet will help. Get plenty of fruits, and leafy vegetables. Eat better breakfasts. Don't skimp on your sleep. Dress warmly and avoid chilling. Get regular exercise—some of it outdoors. And keep away from sniffers.

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Said one: "A woman wants a good-looking car that will combine the greatest economy of operation with the minimum of trouble." There was another thoughtful gentleman, however, who begged to differ. He thinks the women in the armed forces and in transport work—the girls who have studied mechanics and learned to identify engine parts—will constitute a new and important buying force. They're going to look at a piece of mechanism in a more critical way.

What about the fabulous new materials—plywoods, plastics, aluminum and so on? I took that question to one of the manufacturers and his reticence told me more than his answer. "Who knows what will come out of this war in the way of new products for civilian use?"

How will automobiles be affected by the potentialities of the high octane gasoline now used in aircraft? "With higher octane gasoline you have a much greater power with increased operating economy, which in itself brings the need for entirely new types of engineering in motor cars: smaller engines, less gasoline . . . Motor car manufacturers are not dyed-in-the-wool, you know. Few industries have made such changes in so few years. It's safe to assume that when peace returns with new products and engineering discoveries, the motor car manufacturers will be the first to adopt them."

Everywhere I went, this opinion was expressed. The representative of the company which produces engines for B17 Flying Fortresses told me that so much engineering knowledge had been gained in the way of precision and fueling that this experience would have its inevitable effect in improvements in car engines. But, he pointed out, "changes will be gradual because where new ideas and new products are concerned, years of scientific research are involved, for the first concern of all motor car manufacturers is the element of human safety."

A reassuring thought for every driver. One trend that appears definite is toward smaller, lighter cars, with greater handling and driving ease, greater economy in operation and upkeep. A lot of interest has been focused on a miniature model built in Detroit recently. Weighing around 1,100 pounds, on an 80-inch wheelbase, getting 40 miles to the gallon, and accommodating two or three passengers, the "mini" has been designed for "work, school or shopping." (The ladies again, no doubt?)

I dropped in on the firm which recently announced the earmarking of many millions of dollars on "postwar expansion and reconversion . . . tools and equipment." I found that they "wish to correct an impression that the first postwar cars merely will be face-lifted pre-war models."

I tingled with curiosity. What are they up to, and could I find out?

Well, it was fun anyway, trying to find out. Like chess, only fast.

"Wouldn't lightweight cars, made of these new products, be so light that they would hardly be safe to ride in them?" I shot a long arrow.

"New engineering would take care of that." Here was a man with a secret!

"You mean the development of high octane gasoline and different type engines?" He merely smiled, so I pursued it. "With all that power and so little weight, why wouldn't a car simply fly right off the face of the earth?" I could see myself shooting up into the stratosphere.

His eyebrows went up into an "Is that so?" and he casually observed that this high octane gasoline could be used only in smaller, differently designed engines, and traction features and governors would keep things under control. I wondered out loud about plastics, and he told me of a car, built in the parent firm in the U. S. with a body made entirely of soy bean plastic.

"And," still wearing that knowing smile, he went on, "our president took an axe to the trunk lid, hit it as hard as he could . . . and the axe bounced off . . . didn't affect the plastic!" (The gentleman who swung the axe also possesses a suit made of soy bean material. Versatile thing, the soy bean.)

"Now, I haven't seen this myself," he continued seriously, "But I've been told . . ."

And when he told me, it was too much. I laughed.

It's called a sky car and, according to rumor, very small, very light, with little jutting wings. It scurries along, apparently at a good clip . . . and presto! Shades of my grandson's helicopter . . . it FLIES!

Just think, friends . . . you get the youngsters off to school and zip off in your little, shall we say "autoplane," threading merrily in and out of traffic.

"Oh, my heavens . . . I left the iron on!"

You step on the accelerator and watch your chance . . . up, up . . . up in the air so blue . . . circling wide over the lake, away from city-bound traffic . . . In no time at all you're right back in your own backyard and down to earth. Whoops, you didn't do that so well! Right in the middle of the petunia bed. More practice in paraparking, lady. Off with the iron, back in the plane, and being a little late, you simply fly back to the market, do your shopping, and then run up to the special Plane Parking lot on the roof of one of the big stores. The morning's gone before you know it, and you fly away home, going around over your husband's office . . . hmmm . . . looks like him coming out. Can't tell from this dizzy height, and you can't drop lower on account of the church steeple and the City Hall clock. Oh, well, toot the horn anyway, and away home, where you fold up your wings, put the "car" in the garage, just in time to prepare the youngsters' lunch!

Just what is ahead, anyway? Wouldn't we love to know! ♦

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NO TIME FOR JITTERS

By ADELE WHITE, Beauty Editor

WE ALL know them—those dynamos of energy, who seem to accomplish twice as much in a single day as the rest of us. They take things easily in their stride and romp home at nights with the day's work definitely "in the bag" and no tag ends left over to spoil their playtime.

Perhaps you think these lucky people are hoarding a secret store of vitality—a sort of booster system they can turn on when their energy is at a low ebb. Could be! But we doubt it. If they're hoarding a secret, it's much more likely to be the secret of relaxation; of knowing how to balance work and rest; and above all, how to aim straight for a goal without dissipating their energies in dead-end channels. We may work as hard or even harder than these so-called "go-getters"—the trouble is we can't keep it up, it's too exhausting. But, have you ever stopped to think (guess what!) it may be ourselves, and not the work that's to blame? If, for example, we're tense and nervous when we begin a job; if our mind is tied in knots and we're unable to concentrate; then, instead of calling a halt, and making a fresh start, we keep doggedly on, we'll soon become jittery and, as your doctor would say, "in a high state of tension." This may not seem important at first, but if tension becomes a habit it will eventually drag in its old partner, chronic fatigue. And chronic fatigue has a nasty way of bleaching the fun out of life, etching worry lines in our faces and adding on the years before they come due.

With this thought in mind we've lined up, on the following page, some sound advice on how and when to relax so as to get the maximum mileage in results, per gallon of energy.

MARIA MONTEZ, STARRING IN "QUEEN OF THE NILE"
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canning, guests for dinner, picnics with Andrea; just playing her domestic role, with her usual interest and enthusiasm. Guiltily, she realized, that once or twice she might have forgotten her date with Rodney, if she hadn't written it on her desk pad.

Perversely, she felt even more guilty when she allowed thoughts of him to intrude on her home life. Immersed in the routine of her perfectly run household, she would find herself unexpectedly remembering his hearty laughter. Figuring grocery lists or adoring the dainty Andrea, she would think of his quiet courtliness, when pulling out a chair or opening a door for her. Dropping to sleep at night, she would feel his serious eyes looking disquietingly into hers, trying to make them say what she would not permit him to voice. She spent wakeful hours, reproving herself for allowing thoughts of him to disturb her home life. She spent other hours wondering how on earth she could have gone so long without thinking of him at all. Was she completely insincere, she wondered? In a thing like this you either did or you didn't. But she seemed to be going round and round.

Round and round. At times she relished the phrase "playing with fire"; it made her feel excited and faintly wicked. Other times she was painfully aware of Rodney King's loneliness, his obvious need of companionship. How mixed up everything was! Bruce, surrounded by loving care and comfort, drifting casually, carelessly, through their happy congenial companionship. Rodney, alone and lonely, gratefully, eagerly, enjoying their brief chit-chats across a table. Round and round.

And then it happened. Quietly, without fanfare of trumpets or warning rumblings of things to come. Rodney King stated calmly, flatly, that he was deeply, completely, in love with her; that somehow, sometime, he was going to have her for his wife.

Juliette stared at him with eyes wide and incredulous. They were lunching in a new and secluded restaurant, and she had been lost in contemplation of the handwoven curtains. They would certainly brighten up the game room and even if they were awfully expensive it would only take a little bit for those short casement windows . . .

"This time, Juliette, you have to listen to me. It is so terribly hard for me to say this."

It really would take about four yards, and it must be at least 52 inches. Suddenly she realized that Rodney's voice was strained and tense. "I have waited a long time to assure you of my sincerity. You see, I've never been in love. You've heard that one before, but this time it is true. I've had to work hard, I've moved around the world a lot and I've never had time even for the usual puppy affairs every boy and girl should have. I've never worried about it because I always believed that when I met the right one I should know her instantly. She would be as surely mine as my heart."

Juliette could scarcely make her dry mouth form the words, "Oh, Rodney, I—I'm sorry. I thought we were just . . ."

"Flirting? I'm not flirting, Juliette, and neither are you. I know you well enough now to know that you are in love with me too."

Aghast, Juliette tried to interrupt him but could find no words to stem his impassioned voice.

"Darling, I have waited until I was sure you did care. Now that I know, I

♦ Continued on page 44

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Miss Blair Has a Plan

Continued from page 11

embarrassed, and, seeing it, Elizabeth thought of a plan. Accordingly she smiled her brilliant smile, lowered her lashes, and said with a good imitation of her old assurance, "Thank you . . . I'm a little early and would be delighted to stop and chat a moment."

"Thank you," he said gravely, and they sat down. "Will you have a bite?"

"No thank you, but it's a charming idea, your *al fresco* meal."

"*Al fresco*, yes. You know the word for it."

"Not many people would think of picnicking in the park. Not many people, in fact," Elizabeth gave her long lashes a little exercise and tilted her head at the most effective angle, "would have the courage to be so individual, but then, Mr. Hamilton, I have always thought that you were unique."

"The same to you, sister," Mr. Hamilton sounded more like himself. "But I think you look nicer when you're dirty. I like it out here away from the crowds," he added hastily. "It gives me a chance to think."

"Speaking of thinking, Mr. Hamilton," Elizabeth carefully ignored the personal remark and looked at him with a well-calculated degree of deference, "I've been thinking too. That filing system is completely outmoded. The whole thing needs reorganizing. Do you mind if I try it?"

She knew what she wanted and how she could get it. Reorganize the department and get a promotion. Get a promotion and get a big desk, and a secretary. Big desk, secretary, power, a chance to put this arrogant man in his place.

"Not at all, Miss Blair, not at all," Mr. Hamilton was a shade too emphatic. "Yesterday you fired yourself, today you promote yourself."

Elizabeth turned her head gracefully, prepared to give him one of her effective glances from under those eyelashes of hers. The glance got as far as his mouth, which was hooked in a sceptical grimace, and stopped. For no reason at all she forgot what she was going to say. She forgot what she was going to do. All her plans, so clear, so well defined, seemed childish. She felt like stiff, straight spaghetti hitting boiling water to become a tangled, limp mass. Again she felt the anaesthetized calm of the actor who has forgotten his lines.

"Okay, kid, let's hear the scheme," Mr. Hamilton said, not unkindly, but what Elizabeth heard was: let's hear the next gag; I'm good for another laugh.

She said with an almost sullen childishness, "You wouldn't be interested. You don't care whether the filing system is any good or not. All you care about is humiliating me. Getting a laugh out of me. I don't know what the joke is but I hope you've enjoyed it." Elizabeth's throat was suddenly too tight for her voice, squeezing the sound to a thin, shrill note. Her eyes were spattered with the spray of tears. She got abruptly to her feet.

Mr. Hamilton pulled her back. "Look at me, Miss Blair," he commanded quietly. "Your name's Elizabeth, isn't

it? Okay, Betty, what I'm going to say now is for first names. Bet no one ever called you Betty before, did they?"

Elizabeth shook her head. He was trying to give her time to control herself Elizabeth knew, but it didn't help. It didn't help, partly because he didn't sound controlled himself. He sounded intense, excited. There was something very alive, dangerous, exciting between them. Elizabeth felt it strongly. It was a force that had completely choked off her voice. It left her unable to see very well, and her knees felt wobbly and most of the area between her head and her knees seemed to be missing. She had a numbed impression that Elizabeth Blair no longer existed. Just who the person sitting on the bench in her clothes was, she wasn't sure. Maybe it was a girl called Betty.

"Let's start with me." He talked slowly, looking straight ahead, as if what he was saying was important to him too. "I guess I'd better apologize for the implications I didn't put into words. Technically I'm in the clear, but you got the idea and I won't deny I find you—found you—amusing. I've had you down for one of these know-it-all college girls who want to breeze in and run things and look snappy and don't really know what the score is. I don't like 'em and I didn't like you."

Elizabeth jerked up again. "Sit down," said Mr. Hamilton. "I didn't think you'd show up for work after I told you what the job was. But

you did. I thought one day of actual work would finish you, but it didn't. So," his eyes were appraising, speculative, challenging and yet somehow friendly, "so maybe you'll make the grade in spite of being just a little smarter than anyone else and a good deal better-looking."

Elizabeth felt as if she had been peeled. In her confusion only one thing was clear, and that was that Mr. Hamilton was the source of her chagrin. Yet beneath her confusion there was a core of honesty in Elizabeth that let her see that he was probably really trying to help her, and that he might be . . . right, but the knowledge lay too deep to ease her distress.

Mr. Hamilton got up. "Go ahead. Reorganize the files. When you've worked out a system bring it to me and we'll talk it over. Good luck." He grinned and strolled away.

Elizabeth sat on, and gradually her natural good sense began to get the better of her confusion. Actually what Mr. Hamilton had said wasn't so bad. In a way it was flattering. It was just that Elizabeth wasn't used to being talked to in such a peculiar way. He had said she could reorganize the files. She fastened on to that tangible statement and began to plan.

SHE WAS her capable self again for the next week, planning, working out the new system, reorganizing. It was good creative, administrative work; the kind she was so well fitted to do. She took the plan, when it was finished, to Mr. Hamilton and explained it lucidly, with her customary poise and confidence.

"That's a very good system, Miss Blair," he said, after he'd studied it over carefully. "You've done a good job. Obviously you have real ability."

✦ Continued on page 53



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45-4A

If you're all keyed up, with your mind and brow tied in knots, it's time you learned how to relax — because it's YOU and not your job that's tiring you

One Thing at a Time. You may be the busiest woman in your neighborhood—housework, Red Cross, organizing money-making schemes for war work—and last, but not least, bringing up a family. But no matter how crowded your day, remember that you can't do two things at once and have either turn out a success. You can't concentrate on one job by using a quarter of your brain while the other three quarters worries over something you forgot to do yesterday, or mean to do tomorrow. If necessary, take time off to have a planning session before you start; line up what you have to do and when you're going to do it; then clear the decks for action—put everything else out of your mind except the job in hand and give it 100% of your attention.

Make a Fresh Start. If you find yourself becoming tense and strained in the middle of some project you've undertaken; if you start making mistakes and feel all of a dither, your brow creased, your hands clenched—why not call a halt and have a few minutes relaxation? It will really save time in the end. Get up and walk around the room; stand in front of an open window and breathe some fresh air; pick up a book or a magazine and read for five or 10 minutes while you sip a cup of coffee; do something to break this spell of tension. Then, when you make a fresh start, you'll find the work goes much more smoothly.

The Habit of Sleep. Deep restful sleep is the only cure for weariness—and it's the finest beauty aid ever invented. Insomnia is one of the first symptoms of nervous exhaustion. When you find yourself tossing and turning, feeling wide-awake as soon as your head hits the pillow; if you listen fretfully to the clock striking off the hours, it's time to make special concessions to Mr. Sandman before insomnia becomes a habit.

Here are some suggestions for relaxation before bedtime to allow your mind to stop spinning and gradually fall into pleasant restful slumber. (1) Take plenty of time, to get ready for bed. Have a warm bath; lay out your clothes for the next day; jot down a list of don't-forget items, so you won't worry about them if you waken in the middle of the night. Reading in bed is fine as long as you don't stimulate your imagination with thrillers, who-dun-its, or knotty problems. Keep a dullish or peaceful tome on your bedside table so you'll lull yourself to sleep. (2) Have warm but lightweight bedclothes—you'll sleep more restfully if your feet aren't weighted down. When you begin to feel drowsy, sometimes it's a good idea to throw off the bedclothes until you're quite chilled, then cover yourself up, and the warmth, after the cold, will often dispatch you straight off to dreamland.

(3) Don't go in for rich food or "Dagwood sandwiches" before bedtime. A warm drink and a couple of crackers are better. (4) If all else fails, ask your doctor to prescribe a sedative for you to take for a couple of nights until you get back into the habit of sleeping—because sleeping is just as much a habit as insomnia.

No Scenes at the Table. Your three meals a day should be times when you relax and refuel your energy. It's important to eat a well-balanced diet—it's also important to make each meal a pleasant and leisurely affair. Families who go in for arguing, bickering and "scenes" at the table are laying a fine foundation for nervous indigestion.

Exercise Each Day. Healthy, physical exercise which causes a pleasant feeling of lassitude is one of the best antidotes to "nerves." Make time for some form of exercise each day—either a brisk walk, a game of some kind, or a few minutes of not too vigorous, stretching and bending P.T. ♦

Descriptions of Patterns on pages 38 and 39



4580—Junior-size maternity dress in sizes 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 18. Size 15: 3 of 39 inch; 2 1/4 of 54 inch. Contrast: 5/8 yard of 39 inch or 54 inch. Price, 20 cents.

1187—Maternity dress in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 40. Size 16: 3 1/2 of 35 inch or 39 inch; 3 1/2 of 41 inch. Eyelet edging: 3 3/4 yards of 1 1/4 inch. Price, 25 cents.

4886—"Simple to Make" maternity housecoat in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16: 5 1/2 of 35 inch; 4 1/2 of 39 inch or 4 1/4 of 41 inch. Price, 20 cents.

4627—Junior-size maternity slip in sizes 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 18. Size 15: 3 1/4 of 35 inch; 2 1/2 of 59 inch. Price, 15 cents.

1178—Misses' and women's blouse, weskit and dickey in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 40. Size 16, Weskit: 1 1/2 of 35 inch, 39 inch, 41 inch or 1 of 54 inch crosswise striped material. Blouse: 1 1/2 of 35 inch, 39 inch or 41 inch. Dickey: 1 of

35 inch; 5/8 of 39 inch or 41 inch; 3/4 of 54 inch. Price, 25 cents.

1190—Junior misses' and misses' "Simple to Make" blouse and skirt in sizes 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 18. Size 15, Blouse: 1 1/2 of 35 inch; 1 1/4 of 39 inch; 1 1/2 of 41 inch; 1 1/4 of 54 inch. Skirt: 2 1/2 of 35 inch material with nap; 1 1/2 of 35 inch, 39 inch or 41 inch; 1 1/2 of 54 inch. Price, 20 cents.

1192—Junior misses' and misses' two-piece lumberjacket dress in sizes 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 18. Size 15: 4 1/2 of 35 inch; 4 of 39 inch; 3 1/2 of 41 inch; 2 1/2 of 54 inch. Price, 15 cents.

1186—Misses' and women's two-piece suit in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 40. Size 16, Jacket: 2 1/2 of 35 inch material with or without nap; 2 1/4 of 39 inch material; 1 1/2 of 54 inch material with or without nap. Skirt: 1 1/2 of 35 inch or 39 inch material with or without nap; 1 of 54 inch. Jacket lining: 1 1/2 of 39 inch. Price, 25 cents.

mass of men. It was hopeless to pretend we weren't stirred to the depths of our souls, and so we just gave up pretending and quite frankly let the tears roll down till the tension was relieved by a general migration to the front door where the car stood with the silver beaver mascot on the bonnet, and inside it a fragrant mass of crimson roses. When the news had been told me, in secrecy, that the Corps wanted to give us a car and a well-known English make was mentioned, I said I thought Julian would prefer a Canadian one, and so it was decided. That car served us faithfully for many years, while the silver beaver clasping his maple leaf has been on every succeeding car, and is, I hope, reposing safely at my bank in London, till such time as he flaunts himself once again on my car in England's green and pleasant land.

Winter was our busiest time at Rideau Hall, with the House in session, and my husband inaugurated small parties for M.P.'s, who dined informally with himself and a few other men. In this way he made the acquaintance of members, many of whom did not possess evening dress, for, as he said, why should they be denied the hospitality of Rideau Hall by such a minor thing as lack of "the wedding raiment?" These small dinners were appreciated by all concerned, and by nobody more than the host who met his guests informally and gained, at first hand, knowledge of conditions in far-flung corners of the Dominion. He was keen for such gatherings to be continued by his successors, but they weren't.

One thing I missed sorely in Ottawa was the lack of good theatre. But if plays were denied me there was ice hockey, and woe betide any member of the staff who tried to make engagements for a Saturday night during the hockey season, when I went to "root" for the "Senators," with such fine players on the team as Gerrard, Nighbor, the Bouchers, Clancy and Dennenay, to name but a few who in those long past days gave me many thrilling evenings.

There is one very curious trait about Canadians nowadays, for they will shout themselves hoarse at hockey or other games yet remain completely mute when watching a military parade. Why? I have often seen, in these later days, soldiers proceeding to and from Parliament Hill for some ceremony, and though crowds will line the streets to stare, never a cheep do you get out of them, and one would think they were witnessing a funeral instead of seeing their own fighting men pass by. And yet Canadians can cheer lustily, as I well remember from our experiences in the Twenties. Why has the modern generation lost this gift of expressing itself?

WE OFTEN lived on our train two and even three months at a time during the summer, but as cities were of necessity our goal for receptions, speeches and so forth, it meant an all-too-passing glimpse of the countryside, where I longed to plunge into mysterious green forests, climb rugged mountains, or loaf beside jade and sapphire lakes framed in sombre cedars or silver-stemmed birches. Sometimes our program gave us a treasured pause, when I could ride and walk in search of beauties that appealed to me, and I remember my first experience camping in the Jasper district—in those days far less inhabited than now—when I slept on a fir bed made by an excellent guide, and in the twilight watched beavers at work and all the other forest animals which roamed in that beautiful park set aside for their safety.

When we stayed with Hon. Randolph Bruce, Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia, he took me on a two-day visit to Paradise Mine away up Pincher Creek—a wonderful trip in spite of a hazardous drive over an extremely narrow mountain road, which frankly frightened me and determined me to walk the five miles down when we returned—which I did! But the setting of Paradise Mine fully lived up to its name, for I never saw a lovelier place. Stillness brooded over it, and there were only the sounds of birds, or mountain marmots seated at the entrance to their burrows and talking to one another through the medium of a ventriloquism so perfect that it even outvies Edgar Bergen, for it was impossible to tell whence the little shrill voices came which kept up an incessant chatter. At first glance the hillside, bathed in the clarity of high altitudes, seemed to have been dusted over with snow, owing to the feathery seed heads of *Anemone occidentalis*, rising over a carpet of mountain plants. There were patches of golden Drabas, Heather, Columbines and many others, but I made a straight line for the Anemones, thinking that at last I should get a fine selection of seeds. They weren't even approaching ripeness, however, and I learned it was impossible to get them because the marmots kept such a sharp look-out that the moment they were ready, the little butchers did all the harvesting, using them as linings for their burrows to guard against the cold of winter.

There was another favorite refuge of mine on the Lower St. Lawrence, "Le Fleuve" as the *habitant* calls it, since to him no other river exists. I fell immediately under the spell cast of its magnitude, its beauty, and curiously French atmosphere contributed by whitewashed houses with steeply pitched roofs, small fields outlined by rail fences, hamlets dominated by disproportionately large churches for much of whose construction and upkeep the *habitant* has to pay through the sweat of his brow as he bends over his small fields, only raising his head from tilling the soil to bow it again in those big churches. But the churches have an undoubted artistic value, dotting the rolling landscape, and transforming it so vividly into the background of some early Primitif that one instinctively looks for the sweet-faced Virgin and Child in the crystal-clear air. When one enters the narrower spaces of "Le Fleuve," after the ocean crossing, it is to be greeted by a haunting fragrance, compounded of moist forests, moss, poplars, cedars, freshly cut lumber and the heady perfume of white clover, all of which contrive to form the essence of Canada to the homeward-bound Canadian, or to the stranger entering her gates.

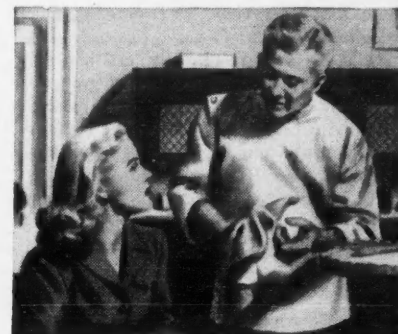
BUT THOSE escapes to solitude were short-lived, and it was the tours which brought me longer spells of delight, and of these, two stand out, among all the memories of our 150,000 miles of travel up and down Canada during our five years. The first was to the Yukon in 1922, in the days before the Arctic was easily accessible by plane, and when the dwellers in that northland were still prisoners frozen in from autumn till early summer. A wonderful journey it was, by coastal ship, puffing little train, and flat-bottomed stern-wheeler on the Lewes and Yukon rivers. Once we stopped at an unscheduled point to deposit a couple of prospectors, loaded with their equipment, in a place bare of all human habitation, and as we left



"Come on, Ouija board—
You find me a man!"



1. "But honestly, darling! Suppose Ouija could find you a man? What then? Where would it get you without a nice, shiny smile? And your smile, Cupcake, isn't so—well, have you ever noticed 'pink' on your tooth brush? If you have . . . better see your dentist!"



2. "A sparkling smile depends so much on firm, healthy gums. You see, the soft, well-cooked foods of today's menus deny your gums the exercise they need. For extra stimulation, I suggest that you massage your gums every time you clean your teeth."



3. "But look at my wonderful smile! Ever since I found out about Ipana and massage my teeth seem to sparkle so! And I'm sure partial to that z-i-p and freshness in my mouth when I massage with Ipana! Seems like my smile just gets brighter every day!"



4. (Thoughts of a girl going places.) "Well, the Ouija Board didn't find me a man. But my sparkling new smile certainly did! And the wonderful way he talks to me—'Every time you smile, Beautiful, I start thinking about us in double harness'! Me for Ipana and massage from now on!"

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to match
the deep rich
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roses
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What's Ahead? in Beauty

THE LID'S OFF! No more government restrictions in the number of shades and brands in cosmetics. But before you throw your hat in the air and start celebrating, there's still one catch—the scarcity of containers. In spite of this packaging problem, cosmetic firms are bringing out a steady flow of new make-up sequences in rouge, lipstick and nail polish, of which paradise pink, peppermint pink, plush rose, fuchsia red and Victorian rose are just a few of the exciting shades—with face powders to blend. These new items, however, aren't tumbling onto the cosmetic counters like pennies from heaven. Each one is brought out by the proud parent company and introduced to its public with all the fanfare of a deb at her coming-out party.

Here's good news for the outdoor girl. Next summer there'll be lovely bronze shades in face powder, to compliment summer complexions. (Last year—remember?—there was nothing darker than beige tones which stood out with startling whiteness on tanned faces!)

More and more salons are adopting the idea of beauty from head to toe, and giving a full-course treatment, which includes hairdo, facial, body massage, corrective exercises and a pedicure. It



will take the best part of a morning or afternoon, but when you step out at the end of it, you'll be right in the pink of condition.

Are your birthdays showing? There may be a new day dawning for those of us who've said good-bye to our 30th birthday. Scientists are concentrating on beating the "growing-old" boogie and there'll soon be a face cream on the market which contains a hormone substance, said to replace the fading glow of youth. It's all in the experimental stages, of course, but it looks as though the test-tube brigade might have something pretty dynamic.

Now, for all you poor dears who've had to do without your favorite scent—the one which just seems to express your special charm—there's a happy time ahead when cosmetic firms will, once again, be able to obtain essential oils, the basis of most fine perfumes, from France and Italy. +



Lady with a Past

Continued from page 16

gussed my husband had a great talent for patter and light verse. It wasn't till weeks after it was given that the truth came out. It was excellent entertainment, and though Mr. Fred Pereira, our director and producer, had to cut a good many lines as being too mocking, nobody was hurt by it. I attended rehearsals, and felt that good-looking Mrs. John Bassett deserved a medal for allowing herself to be made up as a hideous toothless woman, and so did Willis O'Connor in his nightmare caricature of an Englishman. Eva Sandford, my secretary, was a belle of the harem in a pair of very full brocaded trousers which at the dress rehearsal fell in a heap around her feet, to the accompaniment of a shrill shriek from the housemaid who looked after her, crying out, "There, I knew that elastic wouldn't hold!"

We also had a fancy dress dance about Christmas time solely for small children, and how popular those parties were is proved by the fact that even today some stalwart young man will come up to me and say, "I remember going to one of your parties as Cupid, and what fun we had."

BUT THE crowning glory of the entertaining was the annual Vimy Night

dinner of 200 in the ballroom. And what a backache and footache was mine that day! It took me five hours to arrange the flowers for all the tables to accommodate the guests who came from the length and breadth of Canada. Unfortunately the numbers had to be limited through lack of space, though we managed to include all the men who had played leading parts in the Canadian Corps, and it was a riotous night, for all were young again in spirit, as the pipers marched up and down the passages. There were short—very short—speeches from my husband and Sir Arthur Currie, to which I used to listen behind a small door, till on the final Vimy Night I came in, like a child for dessert, because on that occasion the motor car, and the portrait of my husband, given by the Corps, were to be presented. That evening is graven on my memory as one of the most harrowing of my life, because with all the gaiety of the dinner there was the shadow of finality over it; there would be no more Vimy Nights at Government House, because once again we had come to the parting of the ways. I remember Arthur Currie rising to propose our health, as with tears in his eyes he stumbled through what he meant to say. Then my husband had to respond but he was far worse and utterly speechless as the whole room rose up, a cheering, shouting



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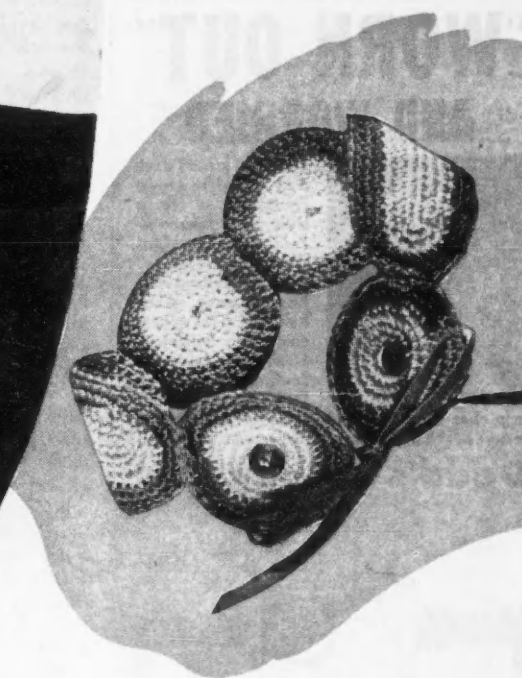
*A Department of Style,
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Above, No. S59, crocheted dickey with new oval neckline, in white. Pattern price 10 cents. Below, No. S60, ecru belt all crochet, 10 cents; No. S61, black belt with crocheted ornament and white ribbon, 10 cents.



Above, No. S62, crocheted tailored dickey with lapel V-neck. Pattern 10 cents. Below No. S63, cartwheel belt (crocheted) in ecru, green and red. Price 10 cents. Centre, No. S64, floral necklet, lovely in white, or colors. Price 10 cents.



Self-Made Chic

By Lotta Dempsey
Fashion Editor

The six new crochet patterns above are all exclusive Chatelaine Handicraft designs, and may be obtained by writing to Chatelaine Handicrafts, 481 University Avenue, Toronto. Order by number and enclose ten cents for each pattern. All are simple designs and easy to make. The belts are in ecru and colors, the dickeys in white.

ONE fresh touch to an old costume doesn't make a new outfit, any more than one swallow makes a summer. But, like the swallow, it can add something very attractive to the picture and draw a considerable amount of flattering attention to itself. Right now, a bit of gay color or a new white front is a wonderful pickup. And you can make it yourself. You'll find more and more of these colorful hand-mades in the new spring fashion picture. Here, for

instance, are two simple but smart new dickeys as a spell-off for blouses and sweaters, with your suit. One has the new lowered neckline, the other the tailored lapel V. We've done you three new belts—all crocheted and distinctive, and finally the smartest of new ornaments—a crocheted floral necklet. It's in tune with the new Victorian, tight-throated jewellery, and you could do it in something very colorful—or in "white wine."

them—two small figures—on that sandy shore, backed by endless mountains, one realized more than ever the vastness of that country, and there seemed something almost sinister in leaving these two men alone in that immensity. I often wondered what happened to them. Where they went. What sort of life they led. Whether they turned back to civilization again soon, or were caught in the spell of the land of which Service wrote:

"It's the great, big broad land up yonder,
It's the forests where silence has lease;
It's the beauty that thrills me with wonder,
It's the stillness that fills me with peace."

The other tour which lives clearly in my memory was made the following year, when everything had been planned for a visit to the Maritimes. Between the planning and the tour, a bad strike broke out in Sydney, and the Ottawa Government, getting the wind up after the fashion of governments, decreed that we must cut out that part of our tour. They hadn't realized that my husband had a mind of his own, and that once he had undertaken to do a thing, or keep a promise, he never went back on it. So he told them that he was going to Sydney, whereupon they suggested—perhaps with an idea of still stopping him—that, "of course, Her Excellency wouldn't go." He answered that it depended entirely on what I decided. Naturally I said I was going—why not? There was much headshaking in political circles, and still further disapproval when Julian announced that he would have no police protection during our stay there. Rank madness, they thought, but we went, reaching Sydney on a hot summer's day to find a seething mob on the platform. There were loud cheers as we stepped off the train—everybody crowded round us laughing, shouting, welcoming us warmly till a way was cleared to the waiting cars by the strike leaders, and we drove off to the town hall for the usual reception, speeches and lunch, just as we should have done in any other town on tour. After the meal we were taken round by the works managers, who didn't seem much pleased at doing so, to judge by their gloomy faces. Before returning to the train we were asked by the workers to be their guests at a big reception in the public gardens that night, and we accepted. More horror from the officials—but it was, they decided, our funeral, not theirs! I shall never forget that mass of thousands, mostly ex-soldiers and their families, not one of whom would have allowed anything to harm us. Our hands and arms ached from hand-shaking by the time we were escorted back to the train—to find a bodyguard of strikers awaiting us, because they knew there were no police. How right my husband had been in his judgment! Had we allowed the presence of police, it would have looked as though we didn't trust the people of Sydney, and they were quick to respond to the trust placed in them.

The only trip on which I didn't accompany Julian was his visit to Aklavik—a journey supposed to be "too rough" for me, though I shall always regret having missed it, for it would have been a great experience to attend a formal reception at 2 a.m.—in broad daylight, of course—when the official seats were the lids of sewing machine boxes, and the "refreshments" hot

blubber served in a "loving cup" consisting of a tin article of very private domestic use, left by a whaler captain as a parting gift! My husband told me of the simple friendliness of the Eskimos and their uncomplicated faith in Christ—"the best Man who ever lived." They were anxious to hear about the King, whose power could only be brought home to them by explaining that he owned more ships than all the whalers they had ever seen added together. The Eskimos sent me a fine white fox pelt, but how I wished I had been there to thank them!

WE OFTEN had comic episodes during tours. My husband had many namesakes among the canine population, and outdoor receptions were frequently enlivened by terrific dog fights and shrill shrieks of "Byng, Byng, you wicked boy—come here at once!" Later, when the dog owners came past to shake Julian's hand, they would say apologetically, "I'm so sorry dear little Byng was naughty; but you see he's a great fighter and that's why we called him after you."

We had amusement, too, afforded by our own staff during the travels. Once when we were being shown round a new building, Tommy Erskine, young Scots

Guardsmen, headed the procession, and as we reached a flight of stone stairs, caught his spurs on the topmost step and shot down, in a sitting position, to the landing below, where we expected to see an inert mass. Not a bit! There he stood, grinning broadly and dusting off his immaculate overalls; but alas! as he turned to descend the next flight, he repeated the performance, landing on the ground floor with such a clatter of spurs and sword that it sounded as if a kitchen range had broken loose. By then we were all helpless with laughter except the City Fathers who kept grave faces. Perhaps they thought the liquor on the G.G.'s train was specially potent!

Pat Hodgson, too, my husband's Private Secretary and faithful friend from war days in France, gave us many a hearty laugh, for he was an excellent mimic and would perch one of my hats on his head and imitate me receiving a bouquet from a child and duly kissing it. He would vamp on the piano and, when my husband decided to learn dancing, it was Pat who provided the music. I can still see Julian, pushed and pulled round by myself and his two step-great-nieces, Mary and Elizabeth Byng, gyrating slowly with a tense expression on his

face as he counted aloud, "one, two AND three . . . one, two AND three," till at last he managed to master the waltz—at the age of 60. He had, of course, to dance with officials' wives, and they, like their husbands, weren't the most expert performers, and once I heard him say plaintively to Willis O'Connor, "Next time for heaven's sake bring me a partner who won't stand on both my feet at the same time. I've got corns and I'm a pretty poor dancer, but, dash it all, even Nijinsky couldn't dance if a woman stood on both his feet at the same time!"

* *

IN LATE July of 1940 it was on the blacked-out Duchess of Atholl as she crept into the safety of the St. Lawrence that I waited eagerly for the familiar and haunting fragrance which is Canada's special perfume. It reached me at sunrise as we entered the narrower waters of "Le Fleuve," and I drank it in appreciatively—that scent of a land I loved best next to England.

I had been forced into the decision to leave my home because of age and a serious illness in 1940, and the peremptory orders of physicians and friends. The work I had attempted to do earlier in the war with the W.V.S. had been cut to zero, and my only activity was supplying vegetables and "comforts" to the minesweepers based on Harwich, a few miles from Thorpe. I enjoyed the contact with those rough, uncomplaining men of the sea, and it was reassuring to see them make straight for the buckets of sweet-scented flowers I had gathered in the garden. "Please, Miss," they'd say, "can we have a bunch for the mess table? They remind me of home and the Missus." It has been some consolation to me to know that, thanks to Bland, my admirable head gardener, though with practically no staff, the same supplies and even more, have gone weekly, free of cost, to those men at Harwich ever since.

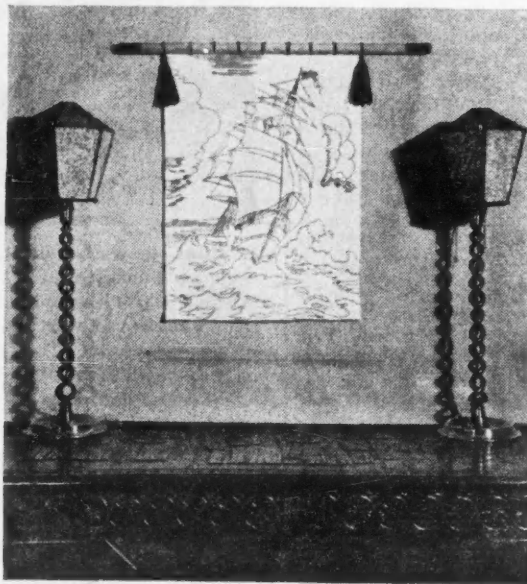
One day last September, in Toronto, I was taken over the "Golden Fleece," a sleek Canadian-built minesweeper, just completed and handed over to her British crew, and I was thrilled to hear, when talking to Lieut.-Commander Davies from Wales, that Harwich, which he knew well, was one of the most coveted minesweeper bases because of the excellent supply of vegetables the men got!

So I came to Canada and Ottawa again, but this time not as an Excellency but as a penniless evacuee, dependent on the charity of friends. No luxurious Government House, no private train; instead, a small furnished apartment that just accommodates my maid and myself. I often feel that we old and useless people, who left our homeland in order to ease the burden there, should have been allowed enough out of our own incomes to keep body and soul together during our banishment, because we have, against our wills, been a drain on the generosity of Canadians. I can never find adequate words to express my gratitude for the kindness I have met from friends, old and new, Canadian and American, who have helped me through the humiliation of being a "long-term borrower." But if one has been brought up to "owe no man anything," the situation is far from pleasant, believe me, and I was both angry and amused when a female with an uncontrolled tongue announced that she "knew" I was being kept in luxury by the Canadian Government, and with the added implication that the people's taxes were wasted in this direction! Let me assure

♦ Continued on page 43

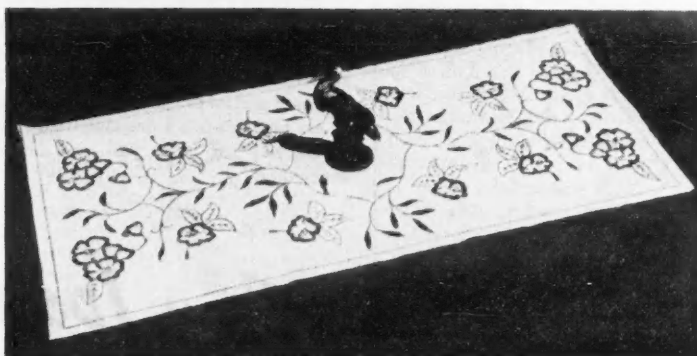
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Smarten Your Buffet up with this Jacobean runner—designed to match a cushion in December Chatelaine. Deep ecru Irish linen, 20 by 43 in., \$1.25. Cottons for working, 50 cents. No. 82C.



Fashion Shorts

★ from New York ★

By Kay Murphy

Mandarin Neckline! Try it on the new blouse or dress you are planning. Very flattering and young, and will be BIG news in the spring.

Four Colors for Spring—orange, peacock blue, pink and melon. You'll see these colors in coats, dresses, hats and accessories—and all smart sportswear, including bathing suits! (B-r-r but your Fashions Shorts-er has to look ahead!)

A Hospital Coat, instead of a nightie! If any of you have had the misfortune of a fortnight in hospital, you will remember the back-opened nightie they slipped on your suffering form! You should see what a New York designer has done to it! Made it up into the snappiest little nightgown in a century. Saw one in light blue crepe, with tiny blue and pink self rosebuds trimming the round neck and long sleeves. The opened-down back ties up with pink and blue ribbons.

Winter White continues to be the smart color—or is it lack of color?—in hats, dresses and even some wonderful heavy wool coats. So successful has been Winter White that some coat manufacturers are including short white coats in their spring lines. I know they get soiled, but they do look grand while they are clean—or a fair facsimile thereof!

Shoes of Different Colors! Everyone is so hep to color that I s'pose it had to come! Now a famous shoe designer, doing his spring line in "scuffs," is presenting the idea that both shoes need not be of the same color! Designed for sportswear use, these scuffs are shown in such bright colors as geranium, turquoise, banana, etc. Of course, you have to buy the two pairs—then change about if and when you are in the mood.

Sequins, Sequins, Sequins—I get rather sick of the darn things, but every place I turn I see the glitter of sequins. Of course we expect them on hats, dresses, veils, gloves, handbags, etc., but I have been seeing them on bed jackets, bridal lingerie outfits and even on the little aprons you tie around your middle—when you are going to labor over a tray of *bors d'oeuvres*.

Bloomer Girl fashions again in—all on account of the Broadway show. One of the smartest of these is a Bloomer Girl bowler, a quaint little hat you perch straight on your head. Very smart in white, pink, and other "midwinter pastels."

One Pocket is Smarter—So why bother with two? Therefore you'll see many spring dresses and skirts with only one pocket—generally a novelty affair that may be as tiny as a "watch" pocket, or a deep pouch affair they call, laughingly, the "kangaroo."

And Bows! Bows on collars—bows on sleeves—a bow on the shoulder,

balanced by a bow on the hip—bows will be big trimming news. One dress designer cracked: What the gals lack in *beaux*, we make up with bows!

Matching Peplum and Hat! Something new for spring—a smart dark dress (saw it in black, with a red-turquoise-orange peplum) is using a colorful peplum as the sole trimming. The turban hat matches the peplum. Unusual, yes—and very stunning!

Printed Vestees and Long Gloves brighten another dark dress. The bolero jacket opens up over a printed gilet or blouse—and long above-elbow printed gloves catch up the odd note of color.



Photograph courtesy the New York Dress Institute

You can't take it with you till restrictions are lifted—but here's New York's newest evening gown, with bustle and embroidered bolero.

Braid, either plain or novelty, continues to be a smart trimming touch to tailored dresses and midwinter suits. Many of the new spring suits I am seeing are showing satin braids on jackets and down the front side pleat of the skirt.

Warm Hood? The gals here are wearing crocheted or knitted "flyers" caps, with matching mitts. Others don little girl bonnets, with "pigtales" of the wool hanging down over the shoulders, and more are content with a crocheted shawl that may be worn as a turban, too. ♣

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What's Ahead? The Clothes We'll Wear

by Carolyn Damon

Will there be real Canadian fashions?

Yes, especially in sportswear and winter clothes. Of course all countries (even the French) borrow from others ideas they use in their styles. But it looks as though we were going to lean less upon our neighbors to the south and our kin across the Atlantic. The Montreal Dress Manufacturers Guild—most powerful fashion group in Canada—and the Toronto Guild already have great plans under way. Montreal will sponsor a design contest, start a school to develop Canadian ingenuity and talent. During the war we have originated many of our own designs, we've grown such wonderful wool that our imports can be cut sharply, and we've developed one of the most important new sportswear fabrics (exclusive to fighting men at present) in a double-pile weave that retains body warmth while permitting moisture to escape. This material and a new patented electrically warmed garment are expected to be a tremendous boon to farmers, skiers and children, after the war.



Photograph courtesy New York Dress Institute

Tomorrow's Camouflage lies in such tricks as shown here—a smart one-piece with a detachable peplum, two belts — one soft, as for dress-up moments here; one leather. It's gold-toned wool flannel with cinnamon hat.

What about long evening dresses?

No hope for the immediate future. Not only would they require more fabric, but they'd necessitate long slips, special lingerie, at a time when rayon has to be conserved very carefully, because of the great demand. A Consumer Branch (WPTB) poll indicated that women want to "get the war won first, then talk about evening clothes." On the other hand, increasing numbers of long dresses are seen at big affairs, some of them obviously new. Since no manufacturers are making them, they must be either a home product or a dressmaker job. Just remember, there's a sizeable fine involved for breaking the regulations.

There's no official word of the veto being lifted in the coming months. Might be (depending on the war) for June weddings and next fall's social doings.

Will we get nylon? What about stockings generally?

As long as our airmen need parachutes our nylon will be infinitesimal. The minute war needs let up, Canadian manufacturers are ready to go on nylon hose. We'll also have lingerie, men's shirts, girdles and a number of other nylon items.

We can't plan on any big increase in stockings until the labor situation eases up. That, again, means when the war fronts are all well supplied with munitions. As to real silk, who can tell when the Orient will again be exporting?

There is a new rayon, however, as fine as the finest silk. You're right again, though—"not till after the war."

When will we have all-elastic foundation garments?

No present prospects. In the U. S. some all-elastics will be made this year from reclaimed or synthetic rubber. But to date the manufacturers here believe we will go on wearing the very satisfactory substitutes they have designed.

What are the highlights of new fashions?

A more feminine look from tip to toe; the "more hat" look, often high with the forehead exposed. Natural or lowered waistlines. Fewer three-quarter or bracelet sleeves, but some soft suits with the "pushup" type. Lots of very lovely blouses. Skirts a shade longer, with a more "released" look. More, more and more trimmings (the Prices Board has upped the allowance). Browns good (especially with black). Good-looking old-type jewellery. Plastic bags as well as compacts and cigarette cases. Pearls, three and more strands. Softer shoulders, many with cape lines and deep-cut armholes. Cut-out shoes. Shortie coats with suits and prints.

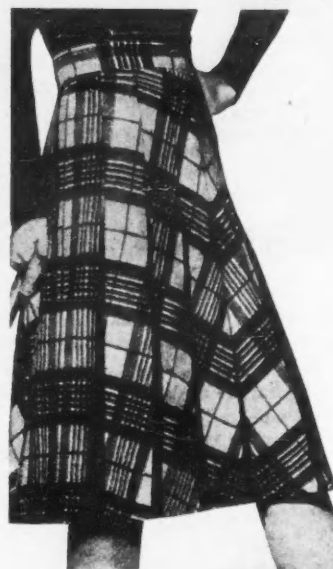
Continued on page 46

See how they hang

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Simplicity

4580

"Young and pretty" describes this new maternity dress. Looks particularly smart when the front-buttoned yoke and collar are done in a gay tone, such as lime, to contrast with black, navy or brown.



Simplicity
1187

4886

Simplicity



4627

Simplicity

Dressing for Two?

1187. You'll feel slick and fresh in this easy-to-slip-on house frock. The skirt front and shoulders have gathers to give you fullness, and there's a soft adjustable pleat, fastened with hooks, at each side of the skirt front to allow for expansion.

Pattern descriptions on Page 30.

4886 and 4627. A dressing gown of ample cut is an essential in the mother-to-be's wardrobe. Here's a comfortable one with feminine ruffles. The adjustable slip, button fastened, will be one of your best friends too; this one is cut with back to lap over.

Send for Chatelaine's **Maternity Clothes Leaflet**, a specially selected group of pretty, comfortable styles from which you can select smart Simplicity Patterns. Write the Fashion Editor, Chatelaine, 481 University Ave., Toronto, enclosing stamped addressed envelope.

Top Interest in New Items

1178. Here are three smart blouses made from one easy pattern. They're a boon if you like to freshen up your favorite two-piece outfit with a different weskit, a sleeveless blouse, or a fold-over dickey.



1190. The curved waistband, strictly feminine and very flattering, reaches up in this bias-cut skirt and bestows new interest on a smoothly cut high-necked blouse.

1192. The lumberjacket carries over into an easy-to-wear blouse pattern with patch pockets. The separate skirt (part of the pattern) has four pleats in front, four in back.

1186. Bold contrast in colors could be effective in this two-piecer. Tailored jacket has a four-panel back, flap pockets. Skirt is a slim little number.

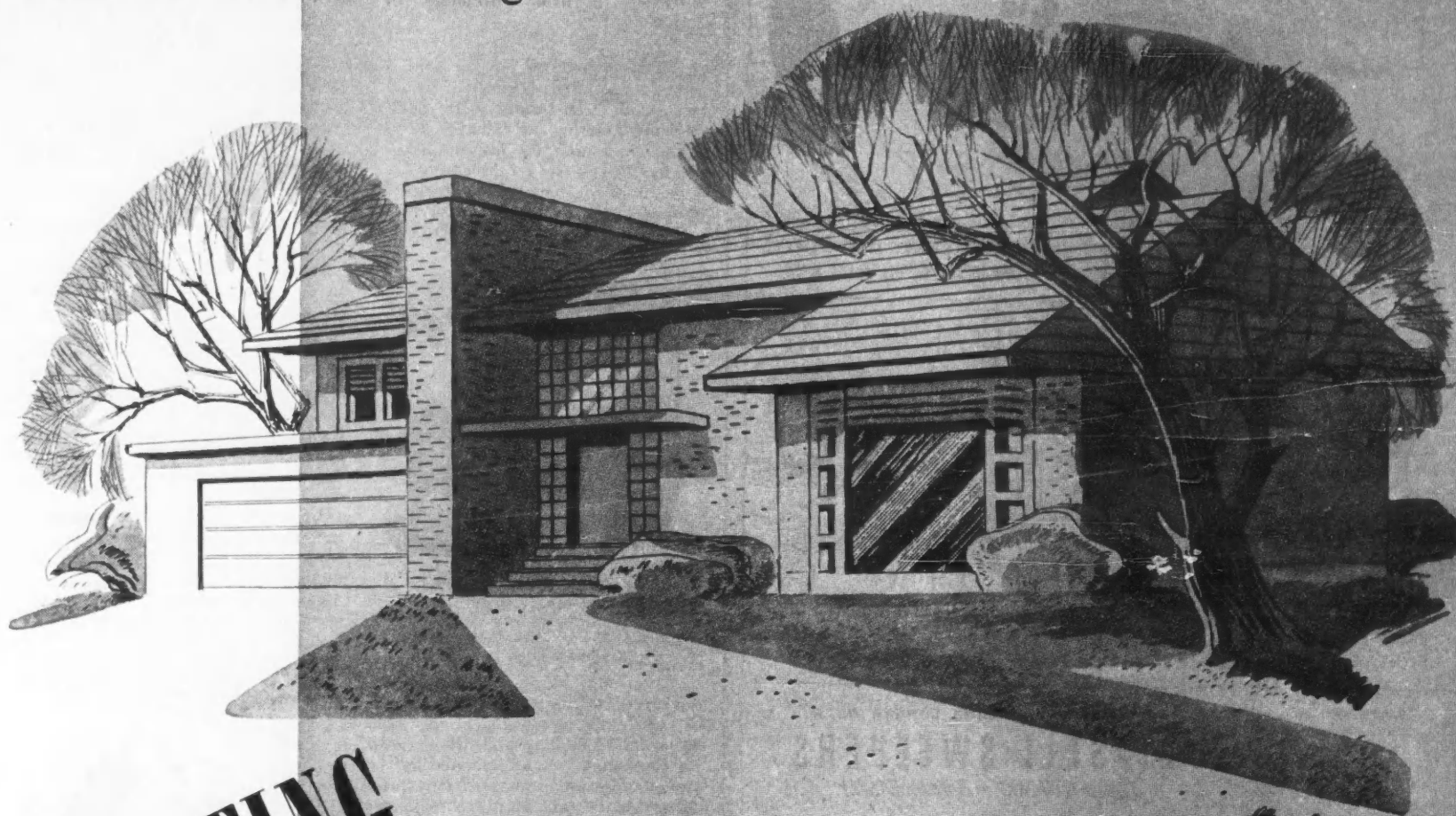
Pattern descriptions on page 30

Contrasts in skirts and
waists to give your
midwinter wardrobe a lift



Simplicity Patterns may be obtained from your local dealer, or by mail through the Pattern Department of Chatelaine Magazine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto.

Chatelaine Home Planning: building, maintenance, furnishing — JOHN CAULFIELD SMITH, B.Arch., Editor.



HEATING your postwar house

by John Caulfield Smith

I'm the fellow that pays the bills and tends the furnace. Will I get a break?



DO YOU believe you could sit in an ice-cold room, yet be perfectly warm? No black magic's involved: a new electronic device makes it possible! The principle, similar to that employed by the "electric eye" in opening shop doors, is utilization of high frequency waves to warm your body. But there's one serious drawback. The same wave that warms you makes metal *red hot*. You'd have to check coins, rings, watches and keys at the door. Even then, the nails in your shoes could give you a hot-foot!

Without minimizing the importance of medical and industrial applications of electronic heat, this example has a moral. In day-to-day news reports of new domestic heating equipment, don't take for granted that all the kinks have been ironed out—that the millennium will be available the day after hostilities cease. It's true a tremendous amount of research and experimentation is in progress: many ideas now on the draughting boards and in laboratories will see successful realization. But often there are "bugs" whose liquidation will take a long, long time.

First requirement of postwar heating systems will be an even supply of heat maintained at proper temperature. Draughtless circulation of air, filtered and humidified, will be desirable. So will economy of installation and operation. Increasing emphasis is likely to be laid on automatic firing and control, in the interests of fuel saving quite as much as comfort and convenience.

Warm air and hot water systems will retain their popularity. These are tried and true methods having a wealth of experience behind them. Improved furnace

"Sectionalized control" will mean that living rooms, bedrooms, garages can have individually maintained temperatures to meet their respective requirements.

and boiler design, increased efficiency of firing and combustion methods, together with better automatic controls, will enhance future reliability. While somewhat more expensive than those based on the gravity principle, forced circulation models have much to commend them. They are particularly adaptable to basementless or one-story dwellings.

In the case of warm air, addition of a circulating fan requires little more in the way of equipment to provide completely conditioned air. This "combined" system enjoyed successful operation before the war, as did the "split" system which divided the functions of heating and air conditioning through utilization of radiators in conjunction with a separate ventilating

installation. Two refinements which are likely to be found in postwar air-conditioning units are the "precipitron"—a device which removes dust and even tobacco smoke from the air—and a germicidal lamp that kills air-borne microbes passing before it. Small cabinet type air conditioners, on the market before the war, will again be available for individual rooms.

Up till now, steam has not been widely used in residential heating. Indications point to its increased application, however, especially in the central heating of groups of houses. In future the necessity of keeping building costs low will entail large-scale operations. Real economy results when entire neighborhoods are erected at one time. They can be admirably heated with an underground piping system radiating from a central boiler plant to the various dwellings. Home-owners would pay for heat just as they now pay for such utilities as gas, electricity and water.

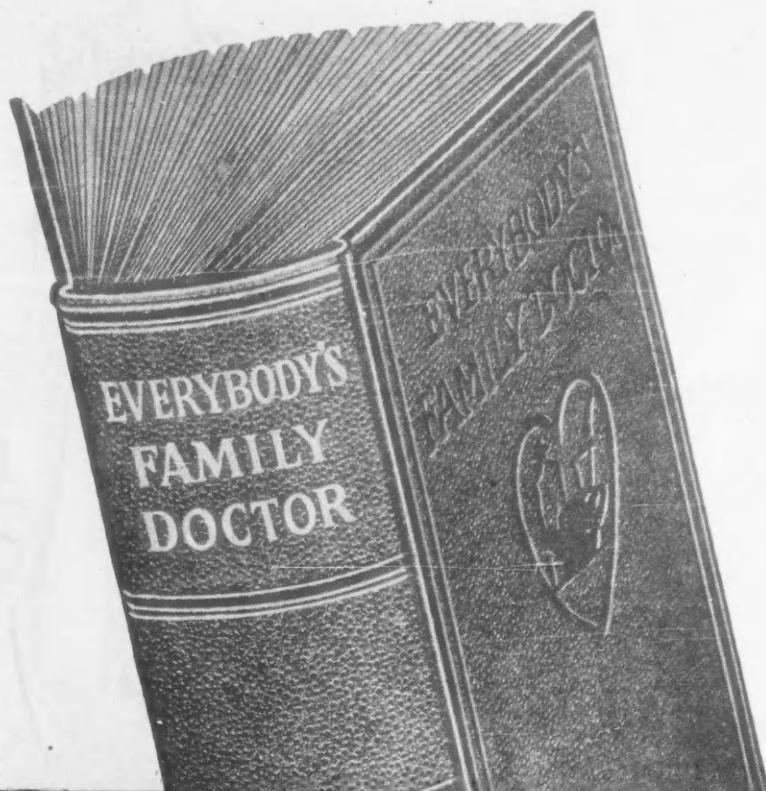
FOR HOUSES having their own heating equipment, better engineering will not only result in a reduction in size of conventional furnaces: science proposes several new types. One of these uses the chimney as the heat source, surrounding it with a jacket from first floor to attic. The fire is as usual in the basement, and as the air passing around the chimney is heated an attic fan forces it out into the different rooms.

Another development recently announced is a midget furnace, burning anthracite coal, that weighs only 75 lb. Reportedly capable of heating a six- to nine-room house, it provides a fast, concentrated fire in a steel cylinder six + *Continued on next page*

What's Ahead?

This plain summary is based on facts — not daydreaming — concerning important new solutions to the ancient problem of keeping warm

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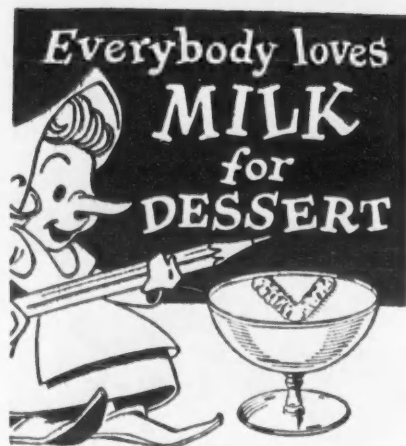
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What's Ahead? Forecast of Furnishings

By Freda James

Wallpapers—'Tis said the blocks (for printing new designs) are cut and waiting for that day when postwar production begins. The paper shortage is holding things up at the moment; this, with the labor situation, is the reason for the present rather limited selection of wallpaper designs. Nevertheless, we are still able to find many appealing and useful patterns.

New designs in houses will naturally have an important effect on wall-papers. Manufacturers promise great improvement in washable finishes. Papers made by the photographic process, such as the interesting "wood" papers, will see further development.

Paints—Get ready for brighter and cleaner colors... for "odorless" paints... for new-type pigments, chemically developed. Paints are in good supply, so there's no excuse for shabbiness in and around the house. For work on large areas, watch for improved roller coaters which finish the job faster than brush work.

Fabrics—The promise of what's ahead in decorative fabrics reads like a fairy tale. Many of the lovely things which began to appear just before the war—such as fabric spun from glass, etc.—have been brought to a new stage of perfection in the manufacturers' labs. And war needs in special types of cloth have meant amazing strides forward in the whole textile industry.

The printing blocks for traditional patterns will be used again (where they have not been destroyed by enemy bombing, as in the case of some British mills). In addition to these, artists on both sides of the Atlantic have been working on new designs which will

range over a wide field as to color, texture, type of thread and motif.

Carpet and Rugs—Shortage of labor and materials has cut this industry to a very low production level, but factories are now working on plans for new patterns and new colors to be presented in their postwar lines. Many of the experiments made during recent difficult times will undoubtedly influence the new merchandise. The cotton carpeting and rugs which have been much in demand will continue popular, it is expected, but the return of deep-pile wool types of floor covering will be enthusiastically welcomed.

Linoleum, in a wider range of colors and in custom designs to suit special rooms, promises to be of increasing importance in the postwar home.

Furniture—Upholstered furniture is still being released on a quota basis—in other words, you can get what you want if you're prepared to wait for it. After the war, wood furniture is going to show some interesting new ideas in construction and design, as a result of manufacturers' experience in war industry.

Lighting—Specialists in this interesting field say the "clutter" of many lamps and twisted cords will be a thing of the past—some time in the future! Softly diffused light, called by some "architectural lighting," because it is built in with the house, will be available for postwar building. We are promised, too, that fluorescent lighting will be possible for home lighting as well as for office and public buildings. It will be soft white in tone, and very flattering!

Lady With a Past

Continued from page 34.

her, and any others who are so omniscient about my affairs, that the Canadian Government never has stirred a finger for me in any way, and never will, and I am no more to it than any other evacuee who has sought a temporary refuge in Canada.

I know Ottawa now in a way never possible before—and I like her pleasant streets, the glimpses of canal and rivers, and the old By-Ward market with its masses of vegetables, flowers and fruits which give it a suggestion of the "small-town" atmosphere which fits it so well. What changes I found, architecturally, in wartime Ottawa! The new Government buildings, the American Legation, and the double roadway of Elgin Street with its green verges leading up to the Memorial. The new main post office is an imposing addition, though I confess its grey stone lions always seem to survey passers-by with a supercilious expression which recalls the dreadful warning, "You have to perspire, but you needn't offend."

I sampled various eating places at the outset, but found that lunch counters were impossible, since I couldn't cope with the stools which seemed bent on decanting me to the floor. But at the hotel cafeteria I found stabilized chairs, food within my means, and diversion as well. I remember once seeing a tall Englishwoman, of the type the French papers used to depict as "*L'Anglaise en voyage*," swathed in veils, and accompanied by a gaunt husband. They got into the middle of the queue passing down the food counter, and I found myself between husband and wife as she cried out, in an ultra-English voice, "Oh, Henry, isn't this TOO amusing!" as though we were a troupe of performing seals. Neither of them had plates, and as she was effectually blocking the traffic I said politely that if she didn't want lunch, would she kindly let us pass? To which she exclaimed in an anguished tone, "Oh, but we DO want lunch!" So I pointed to the pile of trays. But I didn't see her again, and I imagine she and Henry thought better of joining our line.

I learned to cook a little in our two-

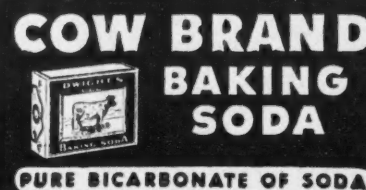
Continued on page 55



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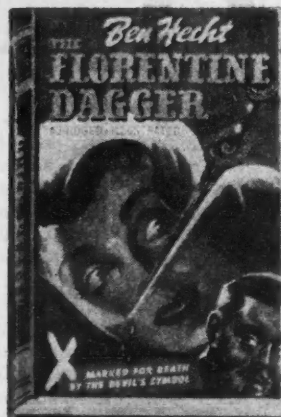
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to eight inches in diameter and 18 inches long. Tests indicate a fivefold increase in heat output, with greater efficiency lowering fuel bills.

The entire unit fits into a space of two feet by two feet by three feet. Coal is fed from the bin to the cylinder by means of a revolving screw. Ashes are

fuel economy. In addition there were complaints of cold bathrooms, draughty floors, kitchens too hot with the oven on, and downstairs halls which had to be kept at roasting temperature in order to maintain proper temperature in some room at the end of the heating main.

Improved methods of control will in future banish heating ups and downs. A steady flow of the right amount of heat to the right place will be ensured. In designing sectional heating layouts the house is divided into a number of zones, depending on its size. There are at least three divisions in the average home—living, sleeping and service. Heat must be provided for each of these according to its requirements. Economy results, as the heat saved by keeping the bedrooms at 65 deg. can be applied to maintain the temperature in living quarters at 70 deg.

In conventional methods employing radiators or registers the heat source in a room is a relatively small area at high temperature. Radiant heating, a system dating back to Roman times and well known in Europe, is currently receiving



In a solar-heated house, main rooms face south behind a practically unbroken wall of special glass. The sun, being low in winter, is utilized for a heating job.

discharged at the opposite end to that in which the coal enters: the twin nuisances of stoking and ash removal are eliminated. A fan operated by the same motor that turns the screw creates draught by drawing air into the cylinder in the opposite direction to movement of the coal. Action is synchronized and thermostatically controlled.

In experiments this new furnace has worked well with hot water and warm air heating. In the case of hot water, the cylinder is enclosed in the jacket from which water for the radiators is drawn. In warm air systems, fins set perpendicular to the exterior surface of the cylinder heat the circulating air.

Another midget furnace, this time using oil or gas as fuel, is a packaged type which sets right into the floor of a room or, installed in a wall, serves two rooms. This innovation, known as multiple heating, allows a large measure of flexibility. Various rooms can be heated independently: older people, if need be, can have their bedroom at 75 deg. without interfering with young folk playing ping-pong in the basement at 65 deg.

THE CONTROLLED heat feature is certain to play a key role in all kinds of postwar heating. With the "off and on" regulators previously available, it was impossible to obtain the fullest possible



Incredible but true! A new midget furnace, six to eight inches in diameter and 18 inches long, has been found capable of heating an average-sized house.

much attention. The heating source utilizes a large area—the ceiling, floor or walls of a room—at comparatively low temperatures ranging round 80 deg. A furnace or boiler of the usual design can be used with ducts or piping concealed in the heating medium. Circulation is thermostatically controlled. One version of the radiant heating principle, now being investigated in the United States, introduces heat through continuous radiant panels resembling the conventional wooden baseboard.

Like other systems, radiant heating lends itself to combination with solar heating. Have you noticed how, even when outside air is freezing cold, rays of sunlight streaming into a room can make it uncomfortably warm? A new multipaned insulating glass permits successful application of the sun's rays as an aid to the regular heating system. In a solar house main rooms face south behind a practically unbroken wall of glass. Heat lost through the extra glass area is more than offset by the heat received from the sun—indeed, it is this surplus that is responsible for fuel economy. A wide overhanging eave shuts out hot summer rays while in winter the sun, being low on the horizon, floods the interior with warmth and light. Even on cloudy days the principle works surprisingly well. ♦



Those vertical lines and arrows show heat emanating from pipes or ducts embedded in the floor: the radiant heating system.

fortify her for the ordeal with the others.

Andrea . . . that would be a question. A modern child must understand there are such happenings. She had several little friends who had "not just one mother . . . but two! And two fathers! Just imagine!" Numerically speaking, that might just appeal to Andrea. She might take it in her stride.

DeeDee . . . that would not be too easy.

Without beginning to fathom her reason for it, Juliette suddenly decided not to see Rodney until she had had her talk with DeeDee. For some obscure reason DeeDee was the one she had to confide in first.

Her opportunity came one evening, after dinner, when DeeDee was there and they were all out on the lawn, relishing the first faint coolness in many hours. Bruce was consulting the ancient colored man, who kept the grounds in order. "In order," Bruce said, "that I may sit on the porch and drink long drinks." Andrea and two of her friends were playing house in a hidden bower among the syringa bushes. DeeDee and Juliette dropped into deep garden chairs and fanned themselves wearily.

The way to start, Juliette reflected, was to ask DeeDee, brazenly, about her own unsuccessful marriage. That should give a good basis for her own startling announcement.

Before she could make a beginning, Bruce came up to ask their opinion about some trees he was planting at the entrance.

"Willie says they're powerful slow growing, but they'll be beautiful. I can't see the idea in buying full-grown trees and transplanting them. A tree ought to grow up with a family . . . so they'll all be part of the same place."

DeeDee laughed at him. "You certainly have long-term plans of progress around here. Some day you'll tell me you've planted a row of acorns and are looking forward to a row of oaks."

Bruce grinned, blew one or two thoughtful smoke rings in her direction, and nodded his head. "That's the way to get results. Might be an idea at that."

As he walked away DeeDee's bright look faded and a sweetly maternal expression took its place. She was about to speak when Andrea's shrill young voice came to them from behind the shrubbery.

"I'll do no such of a thing," Andrea said, then laughed heartily. Juliette was startled to realize how like Bruce's that laughter was; lighter, feminine, but filled with the same ringing confidence. Juliette found that its very sureness was a source of pride to her. It was the way she wanted her child to feel. The little voice went on, "I'm playing I'm the Chandler family and we're perfly all right 'cause we're just a plain family. That's all. Just a plain family."

The sweetness of DeeDee's expression deepened and then seemed shadowed with wistfulness. She nodded toward the bower house.

"That's a priceless quality, Juliette. It seems inherent in her . . . as if you had given it to her with her life."

"Nonsense. She's Bruce all over, DeeDee."

DeeDee shook her head.

"She didn't inherit that characteristic, darling. Bruce got his belief in people, his trust and confidence, the very hard way. All of his young life he was never sure of anything. You see, Alec Chandler was a restless, changeable man; wrecking the calm, steady flow of our lives time and time again by wild exciting plans that never materialized; stirring us up and letting us down. He had a violent temper and was insanely jealous of me; not with reason, but because he knew so well how false one could be to the marriage vows. I finally had to leave him. I had thought to share Bruce with his father . . . but . . . well, Alec Chandler had not the slightest interest in his son. He did not want him. And cruel tongues saw to it that Bruce found it out."

"Oh, how awful!"

"It was worse than awful. It was like a devastating illness to a child. Only, where other mothers pour milk and egg and vitamins into an ailing youngster, I had to pour belief in the good things of life, new faith and trust and pride into my boy. He was completely antisocial. His teens and early twenties were a nightmare to me. While other kids were off dancing, Bruce was hidden away by himself . . . bitter . . . unhappy . . . ashamed . . . distrustful of any relationship. I lay awake nights trying to think how to help him. I even considered going back to Alec . . ."

"Oh, DeeDee you didn't!"

"I didn't. Alec had had two wives since I left and was well on his way to a third."

"What happened to—to straighten Bruce out?" Juliette suddenly ached to hear DeeDee say, "Why you came along and . . ."

But DeeDee said, "I honestly don't know what brought about the change in him. I guess it was just like a lot of other childhood and adolescent traits that mothers get white-headed over. It just suddenly disappeared . . . and he was a perfectly normal happy person. The only break I had through the whole thing was that Bruce always trusted me."

THERE WAS a silence, broken only by the high chatter of children's voices, the basso profundo accompaniment of the bullfrog family. Juliette's thoughts were in complete confusion.

She faltered, "You should have a medal for giving your son the new-found

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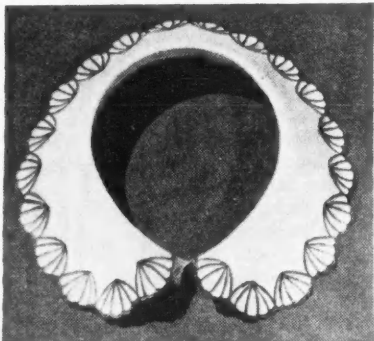
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Little Acorns Grow

Continued from page 28

shall go to your husband and explain as best I can. I am desperately sorry about that part of it. I don't like to be a thief . . . if we had met earlier . . . but . . . nothing is going to keep us apart. We belong together. You must believe that."

"Oh, no . . . no . . ." Juliette whispered, her thoughts tumbling over themselves in unfamiliar confusion. This wasn't the way it was supposed to work out. What had started out to be fun, and adventure, an outlet for her incurable romanticism, had abruptly become a serious, almost frightening thing. In panic she tried to think how she should handle this strange development. Maybe she should be facetious and laugh at him; maybe she should be indignant and leave without further discussion. But one look at Rodney's white tense face convinced her that neither of these was the answer. Maybe—and her heartbeats became suffocating as the thought persisted—maybe Rodney was right. Maybe she was in love with him. Maybe that was what all this round and round business was about. Blowing first hot and then cold. She remembered how she had spent hours thinking of him, of his voice, his laugh, his serious eyes—and then an equal number of hours forgetting him entirely. Maybe that was being in love with him.

Impulsively she reached over and touched his hand.

"Rodney, you must promise me not to do anything until you hear from me. I—I have to get used to the idea—I have to think what it would mean . . . for all of us. It's so terribly important to a number of people. I can only feel frightened now. Promise?"

As he pressed her hand she felt a rush of compassion for him; a longing to comfort him, to keep him from being lonely again . . . ever.

"I promise, Juliette, and I further promise to abide by any decision you may make. But remember, always, I am in love with you, all the way."

TROUBLED AND concerned, Juliette scarcely knew how she reached home. If Rodney had been glib and easy in his declaration she could have recognized it as the end of the adventure. Taking Bruce's teasing advice, she would have known it was time to run to papa. But there was something genuine in Rodney's admiration of her; something pathetically starved in his need of her. She could not dismiss him lightly; it would be akin to slamming the door in a small boy's face and leaving him alone in the darkness. "Which," she reflected, candidly, "is a silly vain thought and shows how much this darn thing is going to my head. In my right mind I know that Rodney will get along all right, no matter what I do. The ones to worry about are Bruce and Andrea and me."

She felt she must in some way prepare Bruce—warn him that things might not always be as smooth and comfortable as they were now.

"Bruce, I want to talk to you."

They were in the yard, admiring the graceful lily pool they had built together. Bruce, with a long stick, was poking the lily pads, in an effort to dislodge the bullfrogs.

"Look at that one, honey. He's the grandpappy. That old guy knows a good little pond to be the big frog in. He's got children and grandchildren, all living right around him. Nice idea, isn't it? I'm all for clan stuff, you know."

"Bruce . . ."

He leaned over. "Look, Julie, poke these plants over to the left and I'll clean the muck out of this box." He peered down and then roared, "To the left . . . the left . . . oh, you little dummy, to your left."

Juliette, using her usual air-writing gesture to remember her left from right, hastily shifted. Bruce shook his head.

"My gosh, girl, I don't see how you get along not knowing left from right. To me, it's just like not knowing right from wrong. It's just part of you . . . it's gotta be."

Juliette grabbed him by the arm and whirled him toward her.

"Bruce Chandler, you have to listen to me."

Bruce grinned at her. "Shoot, honey." "As you know I've been meeting Rodney King in town."

"Is this again, or yet?"

"Bruce, this is serious. I've been seeing him about once a week. I'm afraid he's in love with me, Bruce."

Bruce looked straight at her, but there wasn't the slightest pause as he answered, "That doesn't surprise me, Julie. I don't know why everybody isn't. Poor devil, I'm sorry for him, that's all. I can't think of anything worse than being in love with you and not being able to have you." He started to say something more and then turned abruptly back to his pool as if he found the lily pads and bullfrogs of greater interest. Juliette stared at his back for a moment and then walked resolutely away.

Bruce's unperturbed confidence in her and in his own ability to hold her against all comers struck a defiant cord in Juliette. As the minutes passed, gradually, from "maybe I'm in love with Rodney," it became "I am in love with Rodney." He needs me . . . I am in love with him."

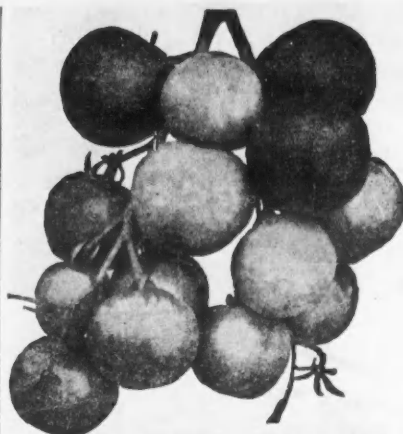
And suddenly she knew she wanted to turn her back on the solid comfort and happiness of her life and go to him. It was against every instinct and conviction of her being. To tear Andrea apart, to force her to divide her love, her loyalty, her very years between her mother and father, was against everything Juliette knew and believed. And yet, yearning over Rodney's loneliness, his real need of her in his life . . . and Bruce's casual irritating words, "Poor devil . . . I'm sorry for him . . ." made her know she was going to leave.

Abruptly, the decision of how and when was forced on her the next evening. Janey Burke and her husband had been calling on the Chandlers. They were leaving, and Wilfred Burke turned, and, in his ponderous humorless way, addressed Bruce.

"You know, lad, you have a blamed attractive wife. I'd keep my eye on her if I were you."

Juliette was conscious of two major things flashing through her startled thoughts. One, the Burkes had heard something; she hadn't been as clever as she thought with her hidden plans; Wilfred was taking this way of warning Bruce. The other, she resented . . . she hated Bruce's sure confident laughter, as he answered, "Can't be done, my friend. I'd have to hook up to a scooter bike to keep up with this gal."

WHAT SHE had to do, she must do quickly. She would not allow the situation to bog down in murky scandalous gossip. DeeDee had told her of the ruthless hurt of cruel talk. That would be worse for Andrea and Bruce than the sudden hurt of a clean break. First, she would tell Rodney. His happiness, the staunch support of his love would



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Chatelaine Housekeeping: *A department of Home Management. Conducted by Helen G. Campbell*



We Asked You! by Helen G. Campbell

THERE'S A great day coming when swords will again be beaten into plowshares and Canadians can once more go their peacetime way.

V-Day is coming closer; it won't be so long now till victory is won and the requirements for convenient and comfortable living will roll from the nation's assembly lines. Foods and food products in all their variety and abundance will return to our grocers' shelves, new forms and flavors will enliven our menus and save our time, a new high standard of quality and nutritive value will provide better return for the money we spend on our victuals.

Right now manufacturers are making their postwar plans to serve their best customer—the Canadian housekeeper—and as soon as manpower, transporta-

tion and supplies permit, to make available in unlimited quantity the foods she wants in the forms she likes them.

Now you can guess at a woman's ideas, her preferences and her pet hates, but the only way to find out is to ask her. Chatelaine Institute wanted to *know*: What does a housekeeper look for on the label when she buys a can of peas or peaches? What canned foods has she missed the most during wartime? What does she think of fresh-frozen products? Of dehydrated? Does she plan to do more—or less—baking after the war? More—or less—home canning?

These and a lot of other questions were in our minds and we wanted to know the answers. So we asked Canadian Facts—a well-known survey organization—

to take a poll of public opinion for us, satisfy our curiosity and at the same time provide us with information which will be helpful to manufacturers in developing postwar plans in line with the wishes of their future customers.

This survey was made by trained women on the staff of Canadian Facts who interviewed housekeepers in upward of a dozen cities in different parts of the country. All kinds of homes are represented—small houses, big houses, apartments. And different sizes of families, from young couples just setting up housekeeping to those with two, three or more children. All housekeepers were interviewed in their own homes.

The study covers a lot of ground. There are such simple queries as, "Which fruit juice does your family like best? Which do you usually buy—brown bread or white? Would you like to own a pressure cooker?"

But there were also \$64 questions as to what "Canada Approved" means in connection with bread or flour, or Government grading in connection with canned goods, whether or not the vitamins should be restored to breakfast cereals and questions as to, the

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and absolute confidence he holds." She laughed a little shakily. "You know, you—you darn near overdid it, darling."

DeeDee laughed. "Yes... and maybe no. I sometimes wonder if part of the time Bruce isn't showing off; whistling in the dark, to prove to himself he is no longer afraid of distrust and unhappiness. That's what I tried to do, 25 years ago."

DeeDee's voice faded away now, more as if in contemplation of a remote sorrow than in the sorrow itself.

And Juliette, sitting beside her, felt a tingling along her finger tips, as she realized how she had planned to destroy that hard-won faith in Bruce Chandler's heart. A faith in the rightness and goodness of his family. The same faith, duplicated in his little daughter, in her stout assertion, "We're just a plain family."

Juliette said suddenly, "DeeDee, you're an old fraud. You're telling me this as if it just popped into your head. How come you've never mentioned it before?"

DeeDee frowned. "I'm not particularly proud of it, Juliette. Failure in marriage is something to be ashamed of. Marriage is woman's heaven-sent chance to prove herself... because she has been blessed with a warm heart and a capacity to understand. I muffed it, that's all. Say, if you want to paint the walls of the third floor playroom, I'll help you, the first cool day."

Blessed DeeDee! Juliette, understanding many things now, knew that deliberately, with care and kindness, DeeDee had shown her the way. Knowing her to be an "incurable romantic" she had sensed her daughter-in-law's restlessness, her impatience with Bruce's seeming casual attitude. Somehow that wise and loving woman had known that tonight Juliette was seeking direction. Juliette was ashamed that such direction had been necessary. If her understanding had been deep and sweet she could

have seen through Bruce's calmness; she could have detected his shell of bravado. And then she felt a miraculous lifting of her spirits. Suddenly she knew she never would have let this family down. Hadn't she decided to talk to DeeDee first? Why?—except that far down in her heart she knew DeeDee would show her the way. Her extra-curricular activity had led her pretty far off her course. But, if "playing with fire" was a good phrase, so was the one about "idle hands." DeeDee had even understood that!

Juliette leaned over and touched the older woman's arm.

"What a wise woman you are, darling."

DeeDee, her bright merry self again, laughed joyously.

"Princess DeeDee, betrays your past, exposes your present and, with no extra charge..."

"Guides your future."

"Nonsense. I never guide anybody. Let 'em make their own mistakes."

Juliette, her affectionate look warm and happy, laughed her denial of that, just as Andrea darted out of the bushes and ran to join her father. She was given a stake to hold, while Bruce walked away, to turn and sight along it.

"You know, DeeDee, I think there should be more people in this world like you and Andrea and Bruce. More just plain family. I'm going to talk to Bruce about it." Juliette's voice was low.

Bruce was roaring at Andrea, "More to the left... the left... no, the left hand. Great snakes, you sure take after the maternal side of this family!"

"Is that good?" Andrea's litting voice called.

There was a pause; maybe long enough to blow a couple of smoke rings; maybe long enough to think a deep and tender thought. And then his booming answer, "Good? Why, honey, that's perfect!"

tinue scarce for civilian use, as woollens and heavier materials are released.

You'll like the new spun rayons, by the way—look like wool, and are crease-resistant. Balloon cloth is a grand light fabric for next summer, it's coming in wonderful colors. There'll be better dye-fast dark cottons.

* * *

Will three-piece suits be allowed?

The new "shortie" coat, made to go with a two-piece suit, will be a good spring item in Canada. It won't be sold with the suit as one item, but separately. Boleros and capes will also be seen. Every month new allowances are made by the Prices Board, but for the near future restrictions on skirt lengths, sleeve widths and general all-over fabric allowance will be kept. Seems only fair to spread what we have as far as possible, doesn't it?

* * *

Are there really a lot of new "miracle" materials being readied for postwar?

There are, indeed. And mills will be ready to go to town on them the minute the demands of the Services let up. They include the new windproofs and waterproofs—and they really are!—and some wonderful "treatments" that will make fabrics stainproof, tearproof and any number of wonderful things.

The Clothes We'll Wear

Continued from page 36

Will we wear a lot of prints?

Tons. There'll be more of these than "plains." Pastels, especially with a darker figure on a light ground, will be good. There are wonderful English prints, in lovely three-color effects, some of them with a new "shot" effect that is very striking. Printed jersey will be with us, it seems, and our own Canadian-made prints will have more interesting and attractive designs (especially in the higher priced ranges). You'll wear prints for 12 months of the year, and be smart. Black and white on red, periwinkle on brown, are new combinations.

* * *

Will we get colored shoes again?

Not in leathers, for a while. Black, brown and navy are still our only choice. But there'll be more and more summer synthetic and fabric shoes this year. Color will ride back (in leathers) with victory. Flat heels and cut-out toes and heels are here for some time, by the way.

* * *

Is it true that cottons will be short?

With preparations under way for full-out war in the Pacific, cottons may con-

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What's Ahead? in Housekeeping Equipment

Numerous restrictions affecting household equipment have been removed, but as long as manpower and certain essential materials are required for winning the war, needs and wants for our homes must take second place.

Refrigerators—Take good care of your refrigerator! No new electric or gas ones for a while yet. You'll likely be able to get pressed fibreboard or wooden ice refrigerators no metal ones.

Stoves—It's hoped and expected that 12,000 new electric ranges will be made by the end of March, material, parts and manpower permitting. During the latter part of 1945 production plans call for an additional 18,000! Production estimates for coal, wood and gas burning stoves almost up to normal; there'll be around 224,600 of them including gas and coal combination ranges. A little less than half the normal output of coal and electric combination stoves will be produced, depending on availability of material and parts.

Washing Machines—Rub-a-dub-dub . . . thank your stars for a tub! Yes, there'll be machines—probably about 30,000 which is only about one third or less the normal output. Mothers with children or large families first!

Sewing Machines—No news released so far about sewing machines. Looks as if we'll all be sewing a fine seam—by hand—for a while yet. If you have a machine, pamper it.

Vacuum Cleaners—About 24,000 vacuum cleaners should be here and there throughout the country during the first nine months of 1945. Not too many, so cherish the one you have.

Radios—Better whistle while you work—no new radios in sight until after V-Day. But a few more radio tubes released to fix up your old one. Hope you're Johnny-on-the-spot.

Irons—Perhaps about half as many as in normal times.

Food Mixers—No longer any restrictions for their production, so if manufacturers can get material, labor and all that goes into making food mixers, there'll be the odd one in the stores. You might be lucky.

Small Electrical Appliances—Toasters, hot plates, electric heaters, irons, fans, sandwich grills, waffle irons, will be making an off-and-on appearance in the stores.

Flatware—Slowly but surely in 1945 you can add to your collection of beautiful silver.

Pressure Cookers—Some manufacturers plan to produce cookers in graduated sizes during 1945, unless conditions arising from the war make it impossible.

Pots and Pans—Heatproof glass utensils—for oven and top of stove cooking—available in a full range of shapes and sizes. Enamelware should be fairly plentiful. The aluminum picture is brighter than it has been since the war started. Saucepans and tea kettles are now in production, and early in 1945 it's likely that a limited variety of other utensils will be on the market. Sure to be picked up quickly, and merchants will be out almost as frequently as they're in stock. Possibly by the fall, utensils will be in free supply . . . all predictions, of course, entirely dependent upon course of European war. No sign on 1945 horizon of tin returning . . . not right now anyway.

All the Little Things—Flour sifters, shakers, breadboxes, graters and all those dear remembered things made of tin or steel sheeting will not be back on the shelves until materials no longer needed for armaments. Only synthetic and reclaimed rubber available. Will be used in utensils, gadgets or equipment to which it can be adapted. ♦

Pot Luck with Pot Roasts

Continued from previous page

Savory Pot Roast

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 3 Pounds of chuck beef
- Hot dripping or cooking oil
- 1 Cupful of canned tomatoes
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- 1/4 Teaspoonful of pepper
- A few slices of onion
- A small piece of bay leaf

Have the chuck beef rolled and tied. Sear in hot dripping or cooking oil and place in a heavy, tightly covered cooker. Add the tomatoes, salt, pepper, onion and bay leaf, cover tightly and simmer until the meat is tender (about 3 hours). Remove the meat to a serving dish and thicken the gravy, if desired, with one tablespoonful of flour mixed to a smooth paste with a little cold water. Six servings.

Pot Roast With Noodles

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 4 Pounds of rump or shoulder roast

- 3 Tablespoonfuls of meat drippings
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of chopped onion
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of chopped green pepper, if desired
- 1 Cupful of water
- 1 Tablespoonful of chopped parsley
- 1 Bay leaf
- 1 Package of noodles (6 oz.)

Dredge the meat with flour and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Brown on all sides in a heavy kettle with the meat drippings. Add the onion and green pepper and brown slightly, then add the water and the remaining seasonings. Cover closely and let simmer for about 3 hours or until the meat is tender, turning twice or three times during cooking. Cook the noodles in boiling salted water until done, then drain. Remove the meat from the pan, and skim off any excess fat from the stock. Add the noodles, reheat a few minutes and serve around the meat. ♦



This young wife
takes a
Tip from her
Grandmother

Look for the
**Red
Label**

In her grandmother's day, as in her mother's, Crosse & Blackwell set the standard for pure orange marmalade. It is still the leader—distinctive, appetizing, inimitable. The young wife's taste tells her that grandma and mother were right! Try this delicious bitter-sweet genuine Seville Orange Marmalade.

THICK or THIN



SAUCES

These famous C & B Sauces add the crowning touch of savour to meat and fish dishes—thick or thin to suit individual tastes. Keep them handy!

Crosse & Blackwell's
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FINE FOODS SINCE 1706

pros and cons of home freezing, lockers versus the purchase of fresh-frozen food at the grocery store or from a delivery truck.

We present a summary of the answers here for your interest and enlightenment. They give an indication of what women are thinking and what they want, and they show that housekeepers on their own hook are doing some post-war planning to provide their families with more delicious, healthful and varied meals.

What fruit juice does your family like best? Which do you consider most important to your diet?

Orange juice won hands down on both counts, with grapefruit juice in second place. More than half the housekeepers interviewed were at least occasional buyers of apple and pineapple juice before the war. Many of them plan to buy more pineapple juice when it is available and more apple juice now that it is on the market again. No question was asked about tomato juice.

Which do you usually buy—white bread or brown bread? Do you buy brown bread because your family likes it or because you think it is better for you than white bread?

More families eat white bread than brown—92% to 72%. Of those who eat brown bread more do so because of its nourishment than because they like it.

What does the term "Canada Approved" mean to you in connection with flour or bread?

This phrase means nothing to almost half the housekeepers interviewed. To only 20% did it have a specific meaning denoting more nourishment. Two thirds do not know whether or not the bread they buy is Canada Approved, and only one in six buys a particular loaf because it is so labelled. Fifty-seven per cent thought that all bread should be made of whole-wheat or Canada Approved flour. Two per cent think it should not and 41% have no opinion.

Do you think vitamins should be restored to all breakfast cereals?

Three out of four housekeepers think they should and 85% of these say that they would be willing to pay more for cereals restored in this way.

If you had your choice between canned and dehydrated foods would you continue to buy dehydrated?

Almost half the housekeepers interviewed have tried one or more of the new dehydrated foods, but given their choice most housekeepers would buy canned rather than dehydrated products.

What is the first thing you look for on the label when you buy canned peas—corn—tomatoes—peaches?

To the vast majority the most important thing on the label of canned goods is the brand name. It tops by a big margin any other distinguishing mark of quality. When buying peas 46% of the housekeepers interviewed put "brand" first, corn 47%, tomatoes 62%, peaches 49%. In the case of peas, size is also a consideration and in the case of corn, the style. Fifty-nine per cent of all housekeepers interviewed did not know and did not even attempt to name the three quality grades denoting Government standards of canned goods; only 12% correctly named "Fancy" as first quality, only 16% named "Choice" as second quality, and 11% "Standard" as third grade. Answers to the questionnaire show that about 60% of the buyers of canned peas, corn and tomatoes stick to the same brand; the others change around.

Pot Luck with Pot Roasts

By Jane Monteith

AS ALL beef is not porterhouse, or prime rib roast, it's a great thing to develop a knack of dealing appetizingly with the less tender cuts.

Practically any chunky piece—rump, round, chuck, brisket—can become a tender juicy pot roast, as productive of good food value and rich full flavor as any sirloin that ever sizzled on its platter.

Secret of success is long slow cooking with a little moisture in a tightly covered, heavy aluminum pan, an iron kettle, Dutch oven, or the well cooker, if your range boasts one.

Begin by browning the meat all over in a little beef fat, lard, or mild-flavored drippings. Dredge with flour,

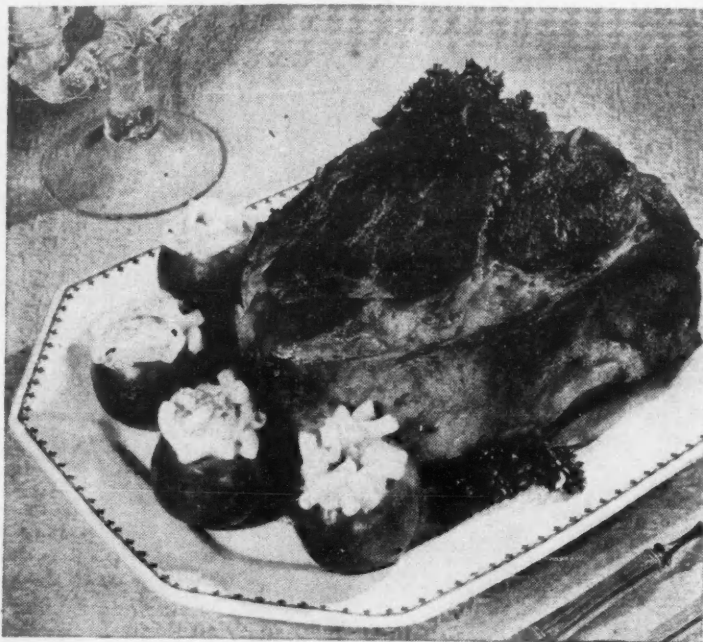
serving platter. Blend the flour with the remaining buttermilk, add to the liquid in the pot and cook, stirring constantly until thickened. Serve this gravy with the pot roast.

Cape Cod Pot Roast

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 3 Pounds of beef chuck
- Salt
- 1½ Cupfuls of cranberry sauce
- ¼ Cupful of water
- 4 Whole cloves
- 1 Inch of stick cinnamon

Sprinkle meat with salt and brown on all sides in meat drippings. Place in a heavy, tightly covered cooker. Add the



Proof of the pudding: An inexpensive cut turned into a tender, juicy and delicious pot roast.

season well, and put in the pot with a little liquid, usually ½ to one cupful. Water, tomato juice, buttermilk or water with a dash of vinegar may be used. Simmer—don't boil—until tender. Or set your covered pan in the oven and roast slowly. Remove to a platter and serve with rich brown gravy made from the surrounding liquid.

Buttermilk Pot Roast

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 3 Pounds of beef chuck
- 1 Pint of buttermilk
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of lard or drippings
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of salt
- Pepper
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of flour

Place the roast in a large bowl, cover with the buttermilk and set in the refrigerator overnight. In the morning, melt the lard or drippings and brown the roast on all sides in the hot fat. Season the meat and place it with ½ cupful of the buttermilk in a heavy pot, Dutch oven or the well cooker (if your range is equipped with one). Cook slowly for three hours, or until tender, turning occasionally. Remove the meat to a

cranberry sauce, water, cloves and cinnamon and simmer for 2½ to 3 hours or until meat is tender, turning it occasionally. Strain the liquid, thicken if desired and use as gravy.

Pot Roast With Vegetables

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 3-4 Pounds of beef chuck
- Salt, pepper, flour
- 2 Tablespoonfuls meat drippings
- 1 Cupful of water
- 1 Medium onion, sliced
- ½ Turnip, diced
- 3-4 Carrots, quartered
- 4-6 Potatoes

Sprinkle the meat with salt and pepper and dredge with flour, then sear in meat drippings in a heavy kettle or Dutch oven. Add the water and simmer slowly for 2½ to 3 hours until meat is tender. An hour or so before the roast is done add the carrots, turnip, onion and whole peeled potatoes. When done, place the pot roast on a platter and surround with the vegetables. Skim any excess fat off the liquor in the pan and thicken it for gravy.

✦ Continued on next page

After the war do you think you will do more baking or less baking than you did before the war?

While replies show that two thirds of the housekeepers are doing less baking than they were before the war, most women feel that they will do more than ever after V-Day when ingredients become more plentiful.

Are you doing more or less home canning of fruit than before the war? Of vegetables? Of fruit juices? Do you think you will do more—or less—after the war than before?

The number of housekeepers reporting that they are doing more canning just about balances the number who state they are doing less. Many feel, however, that they will put up more fruit after the war. Both for the present and after the war there seems to be little urban interest in home canning of vegetables or fruit juices. Only about one in three have any expectation of canning these products as compared with 90% who expect to can fruit.

Only one in a hundred housekeepers owns a pressure cooker. Thirteen per cent would like to own one, and 6% plan to purchase.

Do you think you will continue to have a garden after the war is over or do you regard it merely as a war effort?

Three out of four of those who had gardens this year expect to continue growing some of their own vegetables.

Have you ever bought fresh-frozen foods of any kind? What kinds and varieties? How do you like them?

Almost two out of every three housekeepers have bought some kind of fresh-frozen food, the most popular being peas and strawberries, then fish, raspberries, corn and beans. Nearly everyone likes them, but only a few buy them regularly each week. Only 13% buy them oftener than once a month.

If you had your choice and the price was the same, how would you prefer to buy fresh-frozen foods—from your grocer, or at your door from a refrigerated truck?

Housekeepers' opinions are about evenly divided. About one half of them would prefer to continue buying from their grocery store. About one half would like to have a refrigerated truck call at the door.

Have you had any experience with renting a refrigerated locker? Have you heard of them? Which do you think you would rather have, a rented locker or a home-freezing unit?

One half the housekeepers interviewed had heard of refrigerated lockers, but only 2% had actual experience in renting one. Seventeen per cent would like to rent one if there were a locker in their neighborhood.

Sixty-six per cent of the housekeepers interviewed did not know anything about home-freezing units. Although it was frankly guesswork, most women who expressed opinion said they would rather have a home-freezing unit than use a rented locker.

Have you any plans to buy a home-freezing unit after the war? A refrigerator? Do you think it would be worth extra money to have your refrigerator large enough to contain a roomy compartment to store frozen foods?

Five per cent of those interviewed plan to buy a home-freezing unit after the war. Thirty-five per cent plan to buy a refrigerator. About one third of those who plan to buy a refrigerator think it would be worth paying extra to have a commodious compartment for fresh-frozen foods. ✦

Ironing Wrinkles

by Helen G. Campbell

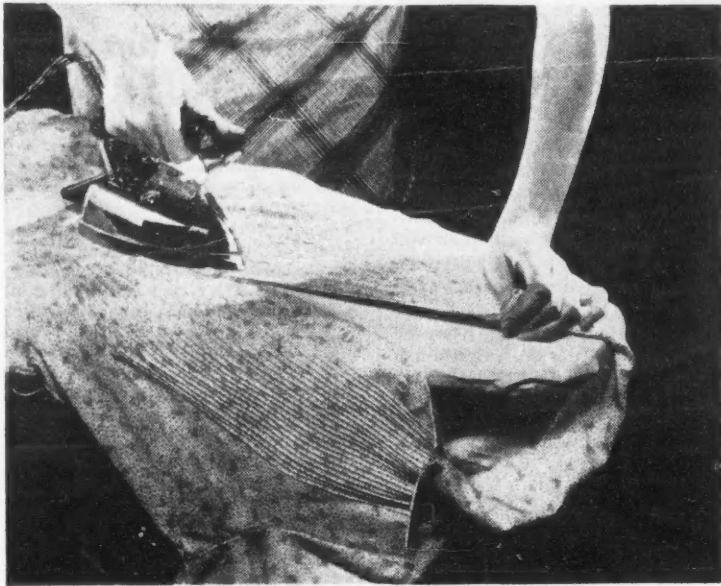
FIRST LITTLE wrinkle in making an easier job in ironing clothes is to fold them neatly when removing from the line. Stack in piles in your basket; keep items which need sprinkling in one pile, and those that you iron dry or which require no pressing—such as underwear, hosiery, bath towels—in another. In winter if clothes freeze to the line be sure to leave until thoroughly dried, and use extra care in removing them.

for straight-ahead work. Irons with automatic temperature control take out the guesswork.

Let the iron do the work; your job is to guide it. Don't tire yourself with unnecessary strong-arm pushing and bearing down on the fabric.

Press with the weave of the goods—up, down or across the board, not in any old direction.

When you start on one section, iron



Photograph courtesy Procter and Gamble Co. of Canada Ltd

Use the proper heat for the material and let your iron do the work. Press gently to original shape and size.

Sprinkles for Wrinkles

If clothes are brought in "just right for ironing" you can skip this. But if they're bone dry, most of the family wash will need sprinkling. For a smooth easy job shake the water from a bottle with a perforated top or use a small clean whisk. Warm water is better than cold as it penetrates the fabric more quickly and evenly. Sprinkle large pieces one by one, smoothing as you go, then folding—hems in—and rolling compactly. Shake out and pile table napkins, handkerchiefs and other small flat pieces, sprinkling every third one. Then roll up. Have most things lightly dampened, as too heavy a shower slows down the ironing. Linens, however, take on their glossiest finish when ironed quite damp.

After sprinkling, rolling your clothes into close bundles and packing neatly in your basket, cover with clean cloth and let stand until the moisture is distributed. But don't leave colored clothes too long or, in sultry weather, don't let dampened clothes wait more than two or three hours; they may mildew.

Getting Ready to Iron

Have a steady, well-padded, snugly covered ironing board of comfortable height and set it where a good light falls on your work, not in your eyes. Be kind to your feet; stand on a mat or sit on a high stool. Lay an old sheet or clean paper on the floor to receive the hangover of large pieces.

Ironing

Use the proper heat for the material—warm for rayons, a little warmer for silk, hot for cottons and sheer linen, and hottest for heavy linens. For tricky pieces have the iron a little cooler than

it dry before going on to the next.

As a general rule iron rayons and silks on the wrong side, cottons and linens on either. Wool on the wrong side, or right side up under a damp cloth.

Tablecloths—Fold right side out selvaige to selvaige. Iron on one side, turn over and iron the other until dry. Fold again lengthwise, then crosswise, over and over. If you want your cloth to be smooth and flat on the table don't iron in the crosswise folds but pat lightly with the hand to flatten a bit.

Table Napkins—Lay flat and iron on the right side until thoroughly dry. Fold according to size. Good idea to change the style of folding now and again to avoid worn spots caused by forever creasing in the same places.

Sheets—Fold once through the centre—crosswise or lengthwise. Then fold again and iron the four thicknesses together, first on one side and then on the other. Fold for storage, wide hem on the outside. Or if sheets are folded smoothly and neatly as you remove them from the line you can get away with merely ironing the hems. Legitimate way of cutting a corner.

Dresses—Iron the fussy bits first—trimmings, collar, sleeves, then back and front of the waist and finally the skirt. Dresses of crepe-textured material and certain other fancy weaves should be measured before going into the tubs then when you iron them, press gently to original size. Iron while still very slightly damp without sprinkling. Rayon and silks are better when caught at the right stage of dampness as sprinkling may spot them. Hang dresses, blouses, skirts on hangers as soon as you've finished pressing and let them dry.



Poor, puzzled wallflower... to think that at this witching hour when the New Year overtakes the old, Egbert would abandon her for a dish of Butterscotch Dessert—even if it is Shirriff's!

But then, anybody who goes for that tempting taste of Butterscotch can see something in Egbert's point. When you're lucky enough to run across a package of this peerless Butterscotch Dessert with the famous flavour bud... well, it IS an occasion worth celebrating!

SHIRRIFF'S NEW DESSERTS

Made by the makers of Shirriff's LUSHUS and Shirriff's MARMALADE

AFFECTION MEANS A LOT TO YOUR BABY

By MEREDITH MOULTON REDHEAD, Ph.B., Baby Counsellor of Heinz Home Institute

● So much emphasis is placed on the importance of rigid schedules in a baby's life, that show of sufficient affection is often neglected. Your day may be crowded, but nothing can be more important than time spent with baby. By all means assume charge at mealtime. And in the selection of baby's foods, let quality be your guide. Heinz Baby Foods are made by a company famous 75 years for foods of outstanding flavour, uniformity and dependability.



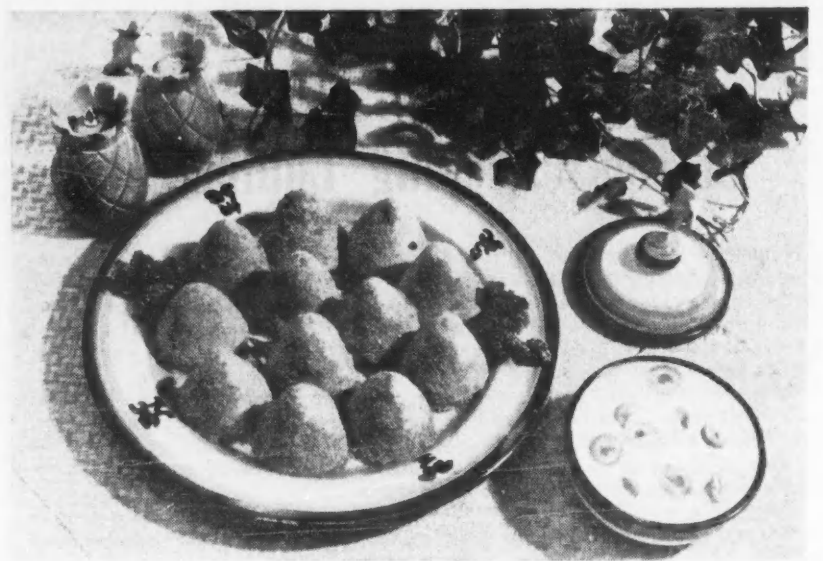
Notice the difference in flavour, colour and texture of:

HEINZ BABY FOODS

57

Meals of the Month

JANUARY



Beef Croquettes—Bind ground cooked meat and bread crumbs with real mayonnaise. Season, shape, roll in dry bread crumbs and bake in a hot oven. Serve with a chopped egg sauce. Good way to use the remains of a pot roast.

Russian Sauce—Mayonnaise with the addition of chili sauce or chopped pickles.
Waldorf Salad—Cubed apples and diced celery lightly mixed with dressing.
Pumpkin Custards—Your favorite pumpkin pie filling baked in individual molds.
Tomato Rarebit—Heat canned tomato soup, flavor with cheese. Pour over toast.
Cranberry Cup—Chopped raw cranberries, orange and apple sweetened to taste with sugar and honey.

	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER
MON 1	(New Year's Day) Half Grapefruit Cereal Bacon Marmalade Coffee Toast Tea	Cream of Onion Soup Biscuits Mixed Salad Bowl Individual Hot Mince Pies Tea Cocoa	Apple Juice Roast Duck Currant Jelly Sweet Potatoes Green Beans Ice Cream Sundae Christmas Cake Coffee Tea
TUE 2	Tomato Juice Cereal Hot Bran Muffins Coffee Jam Tea	Curried Duck on Toast Head Lettuce French Dressing Canned Cherries Cookies Tea Cocoa	Swiss Steak Creamed Potatoes Turnips Apple Betty Coffee Tea
WED 3	Cereal with Raisins Poached Eggs on Toast Coffee Cocoa	Macaroni and Cheese Celery Brown Bread Half Grapefruit Tea Cocoa	Beef and Liver Loaf Scalloped Potatoes Carrots Diced Fruits in Jelly Coffee Tea
THU 4	Apples Cereal Brown Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Frankfurters Mustard Hot Coleslaw Prune and Orange Salad Sweet Rolls Tea Cocoa	Tomato Soup Cold Meat Loaf Baked Potatoes Squash Cranberry Shortcake Coffee Tea
FRI 5	Orange Juice Cereal Toasted Rolls Coffee Jam Tea	Crisp Bacon Casserole of Onions and Tomatoes Applesauce Tea Cocoa	Boiled Cod with Russian Sauce Mashed Potatoes Spinach Prune Whip Coffee Tea
SAT 6	Cereal Creamed Leftover Fish Toasted Conserve Coffee Tea	Cream of Cabbage and Lettuce Soup Biscuits Cheese Jellied Fruit Salad Tea Cocoa	Liver and Bacon Mashed Potatoes Peas Sliced Oranges Hot Biscuits Coffee Tea
SUN 7	(Sunday) Chilled Apple Juice Cereal Grilled Small Sausages Toasted Coffee Tea	Devilled Egg and Vegetable Salad Toasted Rolls Cranberry Tart Tea Cocoa	Roast of Beef Yorkshire Pudding Browned Potatoes Parsnips Chilled Lemon Pudding Coffee Tea
MON 8	Sliced Oranges Cereal Toasted Coffee Jam Tea	Scalloped Corn Brown Bread Canned Plums Pastry Pinwheels Tea Cocoa	Tomato Juice Cold Roast Beef Hashed Brown Potatoes Green Beans Steamed Cup Cakes with Sauce Coffee Tea
TUE 9	Grapefruit Juice Cereal Brown Toast Coffee Honey Tea	Vegetable Soup Sliced Bologna Lettuce French Dressing Steamed Fruitcake Tea Cocoa	Browned Hash Baked Potatoes Carrots Chocolate Cornstarch Pudding Coffee Tea
WED 10	Orange Halves Cereal Tomato Omelet Toasted Jelly Coffee Tea	Bacon Baked Stuffed Onions Apple Dumplings Cake Tea Cocoa	Steamed Salmon Loaf Parsley Sauce Shredded Cabbage Creamed Potatoes Cranberry Tart Coffee Tea
THU 11	Sliced Oranges Cereal Toasted Marmalade Coffee Tea	Baked Beans Bran Muffins Waldorf Salad Tea Cocoa	Pot Roast Mashed Potatoes Braised Celery Baked Pumpkin Custards Coffee Tea
FRI 12	Tomato Juice Bread and Hot Milk Toasted Bran Muffins Coffee Jam Tea	Grilled Kippers Lettuce Salad Prune Whip Cookies Tea Cocoa	Johnny Cake Syrup Tea
SAT 13	Stewed Apples Cereal Toasted Jam Coffee Tea	Scrambled Eggs on Toast Grapefruit Salad Heated Johnny Cake (from Friday) Tea Cocoa	Lamb Stew with Potato and Vegetables Buttered Asparagus Cuttings Fruit Jelly Marshmallow Sauce Coffee Tea
SUN 14	(Sunday) Apple-Cranberry Juice Fish Cakes and Bacon Browned Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Vegetable Soup Toasted Rolls with Cream Cheese and Marmalade Bowl of Fresh Fruits Small Cakes Tea Cocoa	Grilled Wing Steaks Creamed Potatoes Broccoli Plum Pudding Foamy Sauce Coffee Tea
MON 15	Sliced Oranges Cereal with Figs Plain Omelet Toasted Coffee Jam Tea	Creamed Chipped Beef on Toast Pickles Celery Curls Stewed Apples Cakes (from Sunday) Tea Cocoa	Sausages Ketchup Mashed Potatoes Pumpkin Pie Drizzled with Honey Coffee Tea
TUE 16	Orange Juice Cereal Scones Coffee Honey Tea	Bean Soup Cabbage and Grape Salad Canned Peaches Tea Cocoa	Baked Dressed Heart Duchess Potatoes Scalloped Tomatoes Vanilla Rennet Custard Coffee Tea
WED 17	Stewed Prunes Cereal Toasted Jam Coffee Tea	Creamed Egg and Green Peas Celery Orange Grapefruit Cup Bran Nut Bread Tea Cocoa	Consommé Cold Sliced Heart Potato Cakes Cauliflower Steamed Chocolate Pudding Marshmallow Mint Sauce Coffee Tea
THU 18	Apple Juice Cereal Toasted Nut Bread Marmalade Coffee Tea	Italian Spaghetti Lettuce with Dressing Canned Berries Tea Cocoa	Pork Chops Scalloped Potatoes Spinach Jellied Prunes with Cream Coffee Tea

	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER
FRI 19	Half Grapefruit Cereal Toasted Stewed Fruit Coffee Tea	Cream of Tomato Soup Jellied Vegetable Salad Hot Biscuits Tea Cocoa	Breaded Fish Steaks Mashed Potatoes Spiced Red Cabbage Lemon Bread Pudding Coffee Tea
SAT 20	Tomato Juice Cereal Pancakes and Syrup Coffee Tea	Baked Stuffed Potatoes Green Salad Brown Rolls Sliced Bananas and Oranges Tea Cocoa	Stewed Spareribs Dumplings Harvard Beets Peas Fresh Applesauce Spice Cake Coffee Tea
SUN 21	(Sunday) Chilled Grape Juice with Lemon Bacon and Eggs Toasted Jelly Coffee Tea	Cream of Asparagus Soup Biscuits Assorted Relishes Ice Cream Tea Cocoa	Roast Chicken Baked Potatoes Creamed Onions Raw Cranberry Shortcake Coffee Tea
MON 22	Orange Sections Cereal Toasted Conserve Coffee Cocoa	Chicken Shortcake Waldorf Salad Fruit Dressing Tea Cocoa	Meat Balls Onion Gravy Mashed Potatoes Carrots Butterscotch Blancmange Coffee Tea
TUE 23	Cereal Muffins Coffee Honey Tea	Vegetable Soup Toasted Sardine Sandwiches Half Grapefruit Tea Cocoa	Shoulder Lamb Chops Pan-fried Potatoes Creamed Celery Steamed Fig Pudding Lemon Sauce Coffee Tea
WED 24	Grapefruit Juice Cereal Toasted Scrambled Eggs Coffee Jam Tea	Pork and Beans Chili Sauce Brown Bread Stewed Apples Tea Cocoa	Brisket Pot Roast Potatoes Turnip Spanish Cream Coffee Tea
THU 25	Sliced Oranges Cereal Brown Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Bacon Corn Pudding Apple, Grape, Cottage Cheese Salad Tea Cocoa	Broth with Rice Cold Pot Roast Creamed Potatoes Cabbage Gingerbread Foamy Sauce Coffee Tea
FRI 26	Tomato Juice Cereal Toasted Marmalade Coffee Tea	Creamed Eggs on Toast Coleslaw Canned Pears or Peaches Gingerbread (from Thursday) Tea Cocoa	Baked Cod with Dressing Parsley Potatoes Peas Lemon Pie Coffee Tea
SAT 27	Stewed Prunes Creamed Fish (leftover) on Brown Toast Coffee Tea	Onion Soup Baked Stuffed Potatoes Jam Turnovers Tea Cocoa	Tomato Juice Meat Pie Cauliflower Buttered Beets Apple Crisp Coffee Tea
SUN 28	(Sunday) Half Grapefruit Cereal Waffles or Pancakes Coffee Syrup Tea	Tomato Rarebit Green Salad Bowl Frozen or Plain Prune Whip Plain Cake Tea Cocoa	Baked Cottage Roll Baked Sweet Potatoes Brussels Sprouts Steamed Carrot Pudding Brown Sugar Sauce Coffee Tea
MON 29	Cranberry Cup Cereal Muffins Coffee Jam Tea	Creamed Corn and Wieners on Toast Fruit Cookies Coffee Tea	Tomato Soup Sliced Cottage Roll Mashed Potatoes String Beans Trifle Coffee Tea
TUE 30	Orange Halves Cereal Soft-cooked Eggs Toasted Coffee Cocoa	Scalloped Potatoes with Diced Cottage Roll Mixed Greens Hot Biscuits Tea Cocoa	Dressed Flank Steak Cottage Pudding Chocolate Sauce Coffee Tea
WED 31	Tomato Juice Bacon Toasted Biscuits Marmalade Coffee Tea	Leek and Potato Soup Perfection Salad Bran Muffins Peaches Waffles Tea Cocoa	Stewed Chicken Dumplings Carrots Green Salad Rice Pudding Coffee Tea

flannelette to cover your nose and mouth. A piece 6 in. x 4 in. is sufficiently large, with tapes sewn at the four corners. You should have several on hand so that you can change them when they become damp—at least once or twice a day. When you blow your nose you almost invariably get the germs on your hands, so you should wash them well with soap and water frequently, particularly before handling baby. In addition, it is best to dry them and dip them in one of the colorless, effective modern antiseptic solutions. Baby should never be kissed on the mouth by anyone because of the possibility of giving him a cold.

Another reason why you should keep

your youngsters in bed and in the house when they have colds is that measles and whooping cough in their early stages are very similar to colds. Of course you should take the precaution of having your doctor give your baby whooping-cough vaccine which protects him in most cases against this dangerous and debilitating disease. If it does not completely protect him, it will certainly make the attack milder and that is very worth while. If your child suffers from frequent colds you would be well advised in having his tonsils and adenoids examined. The removal of chronically infected tonsils and adenoids often causes a great diminution in the number of colds. +

Miss Blair Has a Plan

Continued from page 31

Elizabeth smiled her old smile, vibrant with assurance.

"The only trouble," Mr. Hamilton went on, "is that it won't work."

Elizabeth's smile deserted her. "Why not?"

"You could never install it. It would never function."

"But it's a good system. You just said so."

"Sure. I don't like to be cynical, but maybe that's the difficulty. People don't always like to work efficiently, Miss Blair." Suddenly he looked tired and very human. "They like to do things the way they've always done them. But go ahead and try to install it. I hope you can do it."

Elizabeth tried. With bright enthusiasm she explained her ideas to her fellow filing clerks, including the head clerk whose mind was as flabby as her curves. They all nodded and smiled and were polite, but that was all. Nothing happened. Absolutely nothing at all.

"What I need is more authority, Mr. Hamilton," Elizabeth said at last in despair. "Can't you fire that impossible head clerk? She's nothing but a drag on the whole department."

Elizabeth had hated to ask for his help but she had swallowed her pride and done it, feeling sure of his power and relying on his interest in seeing the work done well. She had never expected the answer he gave her.

"She's a drag all right, but I can't fire her," he said. "Her drag is with the head man."

Elizabeth was rudely jarred. If she had liked him more she would have known that she was really disillusioned. There was a queer pain in her surprise, and rebellion, too. "Do you mean to tell me that you run your department on politics and favoritism?"

"Sure, sure," Mr. Hamilton said wearily. "Haven't you found out yet that there are some things even you can't do? You have to compromise and accept some bad in order to get anything done at all. I learned that long ago and you'd better face it now."

Once more Elizabeth was shocked, but the shock didn't stun her this time. She had learned quite a lot and she had changed a lot since her first contact with this upsetting man. She held her head up and stuck her chin out and didn't even stop to think whether she was being charming or effective or not.

"You've taught me a lot, Mr. Hamilton, and now I'm going to teach you something. You're wrong about compromise. I'm going to get that filing system fixed."

"That's the girl!" Mr. Hamilton was

on his feet. His eyes were bright and his color was high and he didn't look tired any more. Elizabeth stood there a moment longer than she meant to, because it made her feel good to look at him. In spite of her opinion of him, which was far from a favorable one, she felt just then a comradeship with him that she couldn't explain. He ought to get a haircut and a decent suit and straighten his tie. Later when she had time she'd think about that and maybe she'd fix him up. If only he weren't so disturbing and unpredictable, if only he didn't have the power to make her feel confused and idiotic, he might be rather attractive.

ELIZABETH went to work. She had lunch with an old family friend who worked in another department. In a few days the head clerk received a flattering offer for a new job in that department and took it. After she had gone Elizabeth asked Mr. Hamilton not to appoint a new head clerk for a little while. She had found out something about the girls she worked with and she had a new plan. They were all crazy about Mr. Hamilton. So Elizabeth began to say, "Mr. Hamilton wants us to do it this way, girls, how about it?" It wasn't exactly untrue. Mr. Hamilton would want them to, if he'd been asked. The girls were delighted. She gossiped with them, even speculating in a friendly fashion, as they liked to do, about Mr. Hamilton's private life. It made her one of the girls. They liked her.

"Mr. Hamilton will be delighted when he sees what a good job you're doing, Marie. When I took him the file on Nunther that you straightened out, he said you were simply a genius."

She forced herself to rave about him so much with the girls that when he called her in one day she forgot to frown, she forgot to be cold and distant and critical or sensitive or insulted or any of the other things that she had told herself some time ago she should be. She just gave him a straightforward, friendly smile.

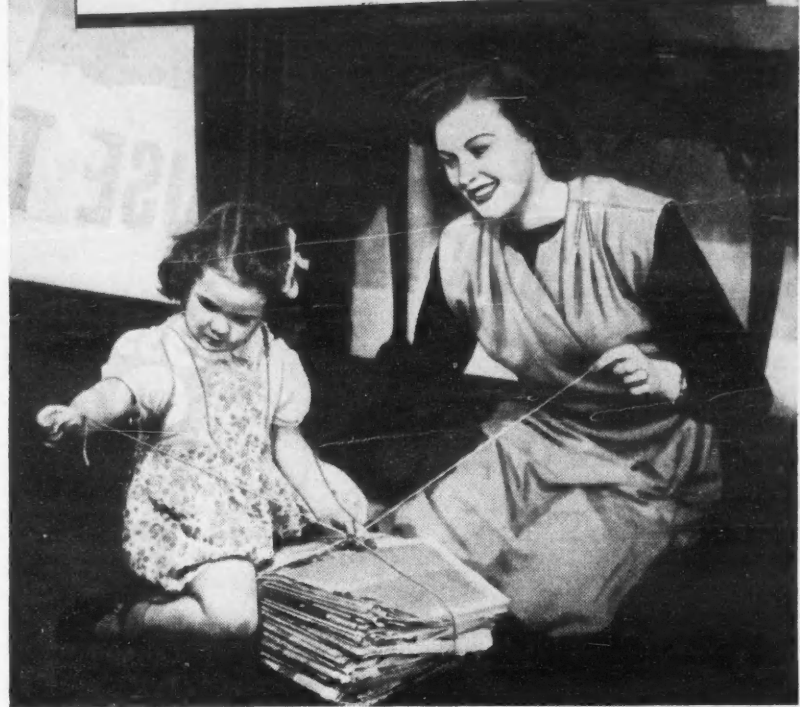
Mr. Hamilton wasn't smiling. He looked rather sheepish. "Well, I've got to hand it to you, Miss Blair. You showed me. You did it."

She smiled, satisfied, proud, sure of herself, but with a new sort of pride, a new kind of sureness based on her work rather than her ego. "Oh, no, Mr. Hamilton, you did it." Elizabeth said with perfect honesty, aware of the way she had got the girls to adopt the new filing system. It was giving her an innocent pleasure to realize that now there was a joke she was sharing with Mr. Hamilton that he didn't understand.

"You don't need any more advice from me, you know how to stand on your own two legs."

Elizabeth, who didn't like to think

"I start a Waste Paper Drive—and stop some neighborhood gossip"



1. I'm pretty proud to be the head of our Committee for the Paper Salvage Drive that I started. Plenty of work—but it's worth it. Right now, our town's got the best record in the province! So I know we're doing a vital war job... well.



2. I take my daughter, Judy, over to Sue's house when I'm going out. I was amazed one day to overhear Sue say, "She's doing a swell job, but she's spoiling Judy!"



3. Sue was sorry I'd overheard, but she went on, "We all think you fuss over Judy too much. Everything's special—even a special laxative!"



4. "But a child's system needs special care!" I said. "And Castoria is the laxative made especially for children. It's gentle and effective, too."



5. Sue happened to stop in the next time I gave Judy Castoria, which she loves. Sue smiled, "My aunt, who's a nurse, says you're treating Judy right!"



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CHILD HEALTH CLINIC

Tips on Colds

By Elizabeth
Chant Robertson, M.D.



COLDS ARE always caught from someone else. They are caused by tiny germs called viruses, which are so minute that they can't be seen, even with a powerful microscope. After the initial stages several other kinds of larger germs, such as streptococci, come into the picture, and are responsible for some of the symptoms. During baby's first two weeks it is particularly important to keep anyone with a cold away from him. In fact, during his whole babyhood and early childhood you should protect him as much as possible from colds, because

cover him with a very large thick bath towel or a blanket and then uncover and wash small portions of him, such as an arm or a leg, one at a time. Use warm water, and dry the part well when you finish it.

How about his feedings or meals while he has a cold? If the patient is a baby you should ask your doctor what he should be fed. There is one rule though that you should know and that is never urge baby to take more of his feedings than he wishes. The same applies to the older child—do not force the child to eat when he has a cold or other infection. He has inside information that you don't know about. Don't disregard it. Urging a child to eat more than he has appetite for often leads to an upset stomach. Orange juice, sweetened if necessary, is very valuable as it encourages the child to take plenty of fluids, which are especially needed when he is sick.

How long should baby or junior be allowed to stay outside on the first day he goes out after he has recovered from a cold?

It is best to let him stay out for only 15 minutes the first day. If all goes well though, his time outside can be increased considerably each day. If the weather is windy during the first week, you should keep him in.

What should you do if you catch a cold?

If anyone else is competent to look after your baby, let them take charge temporarily—especially during the first five particularly infectious days. But nowadays such help is not usually available. If you are nursing your baby, do not stop, of course, but when you nurse him or look after him in any way, wear a mask made of one layer of



Don't give baby a tub bath when he has a cold.

they make him far sicker than they do older people and they interfere with his progress.

What should you do if your baby or child catches a cold?

Of course you should put him to bed as soon as he shows the first symptoms because that is the only place where you can keep him consistently warm. If he is a toddler you will have to keep a strict eye on him to see that he stays under the covers. If he is feverish, you should consult your doctor. Most colds that are properly looked after clear up in a week or so, but if they are neglected they may be followed by bronchitis, pneumonia or ear trouble. Your child should be kept in bed for a full 24 hours after his temperature becomes normal. Then it is safe to let him up for part of the day and soon all of it. He should not go outside until he is clear of symptoms.

Should he have his usual bath in the tub when he has a cold?

No, do not give your baby or child a tub bath when he has a cold. Give him a sponge bath instead. To carry this out,



Wear a mask to keep him from catching your cold.



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Georgetown, Ontario

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about how firm a foundation her own two legs really provided, blushed. Really, Mr. Hamilton, even when he was trying to be nice, had the most unfortunate way of putting things. She could feel her poise shrivelling. It wasn't only the reference to her legs. It was something else—something she couldn't understand. Mr. Hamilton always upset her. That was it. That was the trouble. She should be feeling triumphant, victorious. She had worked and waited to make him look humble, to win his praise and respect. She had planned to make him acknowledge her ability and he had, and ... she didn't like it. It was perfectly absurd. The absurdity made her blush more than ever.

SHE SAW Mr. Hamilton take in the blush. She saw it perk him up. He wasn't humble now. The twinkle was back in his eye, the grin grew on his mouth where it belonged. He was cocky again, and kind. He said, "I suppose I should arrange a celebration ... a sort of tribute." There was a trace of mockery in the phrase, but it was a pleasant mockery. Elizabeth liked it. "Could we have dinner together?"

"There's something I have to get straightened out before I answer. You always get me so mixed up. Tell me, what made you change just now?"

It was Mr. Hamilton's turn to blush. It was quite a sight. It made Elizabeth want to laugh and hug him, and kiss the blush away. An appalling idea. Or was it?

"If you must know," he confessed bravely, "it's your legs. My remark was

perfectly innocent, honestly, but when you blushed it—well, it gave me courage. Your legs are the only thing about you that make me feel—well, that maybe I have a chance. You scare me to death. You did from the start, with your background, your education, your charm, your beauty. You ... you knocked me for a loop. You must have known why I was so rude. Then I noticed your legs, and it made me feel better. They made me ... like you. They reassure me. They're awfully cute, Betty."

A month ago Elizabeth would have been disgusted. Now she laughed. She was still blushing a little and she didn't look as if she could ever be arrogant. "That's the first time I've ever been grateful for my legs."

Mr. Hamilton gave a gusty sigh of relief. He topped it off with another grin. "You haven't answered my invitation yet."

Elizabeth smiled lavishly. She lowered her lashes a little, and looked up at him through the enticing screen. "I think dinner with you would be very nice," she said.

And it would be, because though she'd changed a lot Elizabeth was still a planner. It was just that her plans were no longer solely for herself. She had learned to plan with a wider purpose, for the sake of her work rather than her own prestige. She was already looking ahead in her capable way. She had it all figured out. She had a plan. It wasn't for herself, although she was very intimately involved. It was a plan for Mr. Hamilton, and she was pretty sure it would work. ♦

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Lady With a Past

Continued from page 43

by-four flat, though Somerville, my faithful maid and companion, looked on my early efforts with considerable scorn. The eating problem once solved, I looked round for some war jobs. As a blood donor, I was turned down for age; canteen work was beyond me, so I drifted to the Superfluity Shop where I have found some delightful friends in the Pricing Room, where I do such dull things as sorting boxes of mixed buttons, polishing silver and doing other small jobs which may be monotonous but nevertheless are important in the turnover of merchandise. Then there is the day I work at the desk of the Women's Active Service Club and I have enjoyed this contact with girls from out of town, who, like myself, are often homesick, and so we have a bond of union. But these mild jobs fade into oblivion when Poppy Day approaches, as really hard work begins in Canadian Legion Headquarters, where I start early to help in

this annual campaign which is naturally dear to my heart.

HOW MUCH longer I may be in Canada nobody can foretell, but when the hour strikes for my departure from many kind and loyal friends, and the lovely land they call home, it will be with an ache in my heart as I stand on the deck of a ship that carries me eastward, as my thoughts fly to the flaming glory of Laurentian autumns, to green forests and snow-capped western mountains, to peacock-colored lakes drowsing in summer's heat, and golden grain fields framed with brilliant wild flowers. In my ears will ring the eerie laugh of loons on silent waters, the plaining of the whip-poor-will on summer evenings, the drumming of the mosquito-hawk's strong wings as he plunges earthward in his hunting. All these things I shall recall tenderly as my ship slips down the mighty length of "Le Fleuve," toward the cold grey waters of the Atlantic which I must cross again for the last time before I tread the peacefully rolling fields of my East Anglian homeland. ♦

SCOTTISH NURSE helps relieve MANY AILMENTS with Mustard



MRS. M. MILLER came from Aberdeen, Scotland. She has a nursing home in Swift Current, Sask.

"I learned many of the uses of mustard and its value in home nursing while I was in training in Scotland," explained Mrs. Miller. "One in particular was the method of causing a patient to perspire freely, thus helping to break the fever and eliminate poisons from the body." She described how a flannel blanket is dipped in boiling water containing a half a cup of mustard and then wrung out and wrapped around the patient to induce perspiration.

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"I never hesitate to use a mustard poultice on small babies in case of bronchial trouble," states Mrs. Miller. "It helps to give quicker, safer relief than any other remedy. I saturate the chest or back with olive oil and apply mild poultices mixed one part mustard to five parts of flour on the affected

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Pure Mustard is Safe Mustard

The best proof of the value of mustard in treating so many common ailments is the fact that thousands of people like Mrs. Miller depend on it year after year. Keep mustard always handy in your home to help relieve Chills or Colds, or when you feel depressed by Grippe or other Winter infections. Use it to help relieve pains of Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Arthritis, Neuritis, over-tired muscles, etc. Call your doctor if symptoms are serious. Be sure that you use famous Keen's D.S.F. Mustard, made entirely from mustard seed of highest quality and packed to preserve its uniform quality and full medicinal strength. Sold by grocers and druggists everywhere.

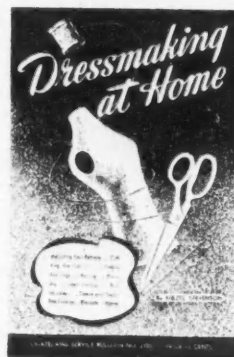
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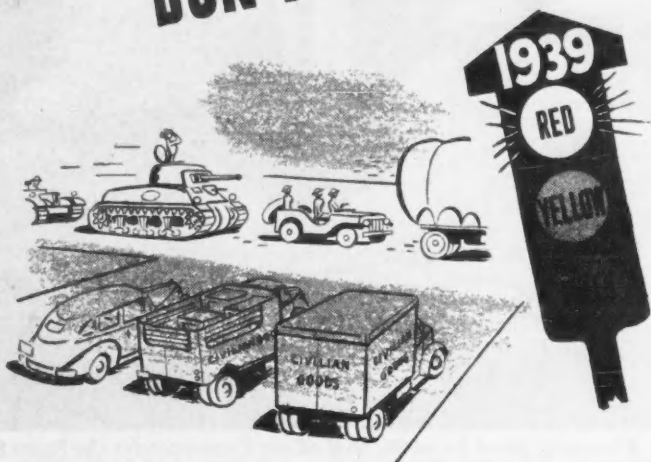
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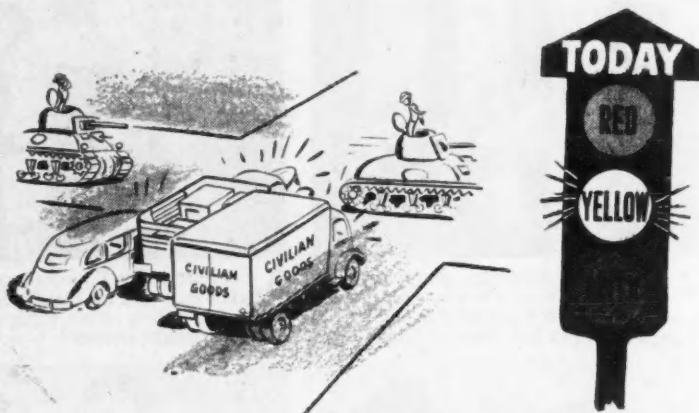
WINSTON CHURCHILL
in the British House of Commons
November 28th, 1944

DON'T CONFUSE THE SIGNALS



War came. The manufacture of most civilian goods had to be cut down or stopped to make way for war production. That caused shortages of civilian goods—that was the **RED LIGHT**

don't jump the **YELLOW** light



Some restrictions are now being lifted, but it does not mean lots of goods right away. War's demands are still huge and must come first. We can't neglect them just so that some of us here at home can get a little more.

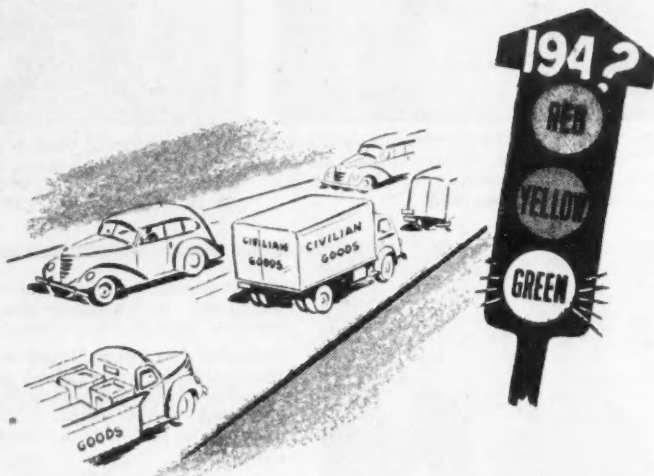
Don't confuse the signals—(This is the **YELLOW LIGHT ONLY**).

It means a little more of some things and it helps business men get ready for the time when there will be more materials and workers available.

It does not mean the end of shortages!

Getting back to peacetime production will necessarily be piecemeal and gradual.

"Patience" is the word.



it's **NOT** the green light yet

Only after Victory over both enemies can the Green Light be switched on, and the road cleared for enough production to meet all our civilian needs.

THE WARTIME PRICES AND TRADE BOARD

Are We Ready for the New Year?

Continued from page 5



own nation to pieces?

There is only one sure way and it is becoming a possible and practical way at this moment. The conflicts of interest, history and geography, between the various units of the British Commonwealth, and especially our own peculiar Canadian problems of foreign policy, can only be resolved surely and safely within a world-wide organization of peace-loving nations. As much as any people in the world and more than most, we require for our own survival a league of nations that will work.

How many Canadians fully grasp that? Not many, I venture to think. Most people subscribe to the new league of nations, begun at Dumbarton Oaks in a general way as a safeguard against war. Not many see that only through such an organization can we be sure, in our critical position athwart the northern slope of the planet, of achieving continual harmony with our three great neighbors, let alone the rest of the world. Our political leaders of all major parties seem to understand it but they have never got the picture clearly over to the Canadian people, and largely, I suspect, because they are afraid of being called pro-Russian or pro-American or anti-British when, in fact, they are or should be pro-Canadian.

IN THE year 1945 we have to face up to this situation, for in this year the new league of nations will be formed. It will not be an ideal league. It will fall far short of satisfying the small powers and the "middle" powers, for it concentrates authority largely in the three largest powers. Yet it is the only league possible right now and it may be improved in detail before it is finally launched.

Even if it is not improved, even if it is not what we want, we must take it or consign ourselves to a world of naked military power without brakes, moving with accelerated speed down the slippery slope to the next world war, of which Canada, lying in the path of the great nations, would be one of the chief battlegrounds.

For Canada the need is to make the league, now a big-power show, grow toward the full democratic principle. We cannot hope to make it grow alone. We shall be only one voice and not a very loud one.

But we should never underestimate our weight and it is far greater than any figures of population, production and military preparedness suggest. In the league we shall be only just below the half dozen great powers, not only because we can outproduce anyone of our size but because we are essential to the security of the three greatest powers. They will listen to us and we shall be failing ourselves, and failing them and the whole cause of world peace if we do not speak up courageously, as we see the light. There we failed utterly in the old League. In 1945 we must prepare to do much better in the new one.

When all this has been said it still remains true that we are not clear in our heads, as 1945 dawns, as to what we are

striving after in this country. We talk in slogans about a better life. We wave labels. We mouth catchwords. We join movements and imagine that the swirling complexity of our national life can be suddenly arrested by some quick and easy remedy like printing more money, or socializing everything, or unsocializing everything. And, busy with these fatuous flutterings, we have never stopped to think what we are driving at.

WE HAD better begin to clear our minds. There are many others, but I suggest at random a consideration of these questions:

Do we want a perfectly managed, inflexible, unerring state, run from the top by one or several wise men who will order our lives, tell us what to do from morning to night and in return will give us a kind of stupefied and sodden security?

Or do we really believe in the democracy which we say we are fighting for—the theory that the best kind of society does not emerge from the top, from a few wise men, but from the brawling mass of human stuff below? Do we understand that there can be no magic remedy if we are to be free men? That the life of a free society does not consist in static agreement but in constant disagreement, in the conflict of many opposing forces locked in unending struggle and each guaranteed the right to struggle?

If we do understand this, and accept what it means in our own lives and our own citizenship, are we ready to approach the construction of a better society in the clear realization that the struggle of our time will be fiercer, more complex and more incalculable than any we have ever known in this land since its beginning?

Do we even understand the simple fact, so often disguised by the politicians of all sides, that if we are to have reform we must pay for it in cash money, by taxes, and that, while we must seek a fairer distribution of wealth, the real problem for the nation, as for the family, is to raise the total amount of wealth to be distributed?

Are we clear enough in our economics to measure all economic proposals by the only sound yardstick, and that is the effect of any such proposal on the total wealth, the production, the goods in the hands of the nation?

And finally, the question behind all questions. Do we really understand at last that we have now passed the stage of national infancy in this war and for the first time are truly adult not in mere statute law but in the responsibilities of nationhood; do we understand in our hearts, as the fighting men of Canada have learned in battle, that we can be friends with everybody but cannot lean on anybody any longer—that we have to create in this country not an imitation of any other civilization but an entirely new thing, a Canadian civilization and a Canadian life of our own? For this we must do, or we shall certainly cease to be a nation at all. *



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Fresh Start

"After dinner I took my wife out, for I do find that I am not able to conquer myself as to going to plays till I come to some new vowe concerning it, and that I am now come, that is to say, that I will not see above one in a month at any of the publique theatres till the sum of 50s. be spent, and then none before New Year's Day next, unless that I do become worth £1,000 sooner than then, and then am free to come to some other terms..."

You are listening to Mr. S. Pepys speaking sharply to himself in his Diary, on the second day of January, 1664. New Year's resolutions were no light-hearted novelty to him; they had an important fixed place in his scheme of life. When he was able to continue in them, he "did bless God"; when temptation proved too great he berated himself as a weak fellow minding only his pleasures, but hastened to draw up new "vowes" which would check his frailty.

If you like the weight of tradition behind your decision, there it is—almost three centuries old. No one can tell how the fate of nations and families and individuals has been changed by this custom of high resolve when the calendar moves forward into another year. Even when, like Mr. Pepys, we fall short of our commitments, it seems there is a value in the "fresh start"; even a brief battle between will and inclination adds something to the strength of the former and prepares it for a victory in the future, if not now.

Today, this Canadian day in January, with the air colder and clearer and the sun inching higher, you have your own personal resolutions firmly in hand, and you have that nice secret, etherealized feeling which only a woman who has been through a reducing diet can understand. Don't let anyone deflect you from your fine purpose; keep to the spirit of the fresh start—and, if you are sincerely imbued with it, consider one thing more, and in all seriousness.

What can you do in 1945 for your country? The answer is amazingly simple: you can think—think before you act, before you speak, before you pass on those tattered, old, handed-down prejudices which in the year just finished proved an almost intolerable weight on this nation's forward march. In a democracy what a person thinks matters; that there should be a constantly enquiring, a constantly informed public opinion matters profoundly. Prejudice, the kind most of us were given with our first oatmeal, is not good enough for this year or the next; it will be the most dangerous sort of prop to hand on to our children who face the long future. Knowledge, study, understanding, even the desire to understand and the love of justice, are the only equipment on which we can put our hope and trust. And they are homemade. No leader or group or powerful conclave can bestow them; the qualities which we urgently need for unity and more mature nationhood must come from the dinner tables and front porches across this Dominion. The challenge to the women who direct those homes is inescapable.

Can we add this to our resolutions for 1945? It isn't fanciful or nebulous; it could be an essentially practical purpose, as specific as our resolve to be punctual or better-tempered. It could become an important new personal habit of sober thinking and intelligent decision on a national scale—something which has scarcely been tried before.

Mary. Ella Macpherson



JANUARY Chatelaine

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Cover: Natural color photograph by Pagano

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 Elkhart—G. E. Bartley
 Flin Flon—Hudson's Bay Co.
 Greta—Greta Consumers Coop. Ltd.
 Killarney—R. C. A. Store
 Minnedota—Daly Matthews
 Morden—Pitche Bros.
 Morris—Morris R. C. A. Store
 Portage la Prairie—N. J. Prior & Co.
 Roblin—Roblin Trading Co.
 Roland—Byers & Wagar
 Russell—A. Astbury
 Selkirk—R. C. A. Store
 Souris—Community Dry Goods
 Swan River—Eli Co.
 The Pas—Sanitane Cleaners
 Winnipeg—The T. Eaton Co. Ltd.
 Elm Hosiery & Novelty Shoppe,
 Hudson's Bay Co.
 S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd.

NEW BRUNSWICK

Atholville—Charles Soucy
 Chatham—David Sadler
 Dalhousie—Dalhousie 5c to \$1.00 Store
 Edmundston—John J. McCreary
 Fredericton—Zellers Limited
 Hartland—Hartland United Farmers'
 Coop'rs Ltd.
 Moncton—J. D. Creighton Co. Ltd.
 Fergusson's Ltd.
 Zellers Limited
 Newcastle—J. D. Creighton Co. Ltd.
 Saint John—Manchester Robertson Allin-
 son Ltd.
 Zellers Limited
 Sussex—The Sussex Mercantile Co. Ltd.
 Woodstock—M. V. Estabrook

NOVA SCOTIA

Annapolis Royal—Price & Co.
 Berwick—Royal Dept. Store
 Bridgetown—Strong & Whitman
 Bridgewater—The Royal Store
 Dartmouth—Dartmouth 5c to \$1 Store
 Digby—The Royal Store
 Halifax—The T. Eaton Co. Ltd.
 The Robert Simpson Co. Ltd.
 Zellers Ltd.
 Kentville—Kentville Dry Goods Store
 Kingston—Kingston Trading Co. Ltd.
 Middleton—The Royal Store
 New Glasgow—The Goodman Co.
 Zellers Limited
 New Waterford—New Waterford Coop'rs
 Society Ltd.
 North Sydney—Mrs. Alice Young
 Oxford—Davis & Swan
 Windsor—Valley Shop (Mrs. L. E.
 Woodhead)
 Yarmouth—Yarmouth Royal Store

ONTARIO

Acton—Elliott Bros.
 Alfred—J. E. Whisell
 Almonte—Marlett Shop
 Alvin—G. R. Whitton
 Amherstburg—The Right Store
 Arken—Fuller Bros.
 Arnprior—Walker Stores Ltd.
 Arthur—Arthur Variety Store
 Atwood—A. E. Anderson
 Aurora—The Aurora General Store
 Aymer—Walker Stores Ltd.
 Baden—C. J. Leisak
 Bancroft—Miss H. Haase
 Barrie—Jacobi & Graham
 Walker Stores Ltd.
 Barry's Bay—John Vitkuske

Beaverton—George M. Cuthbertson
 Belle River—Mrs. Delima Marentette
 Belleville—S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd.
 Walker Stores Ltd.
 Zellers Limited
 Blenheim—The Shillington Co. Ltd.
 Blind River—Albert Solomon
 Blyth—Olive McGill
 Sourcet—Mrs. A. O. Lalonde
 Bowmanville—Walker Stores Ltd.
 Bradford—T. H. Hill & Co. Ltd.
 Bradford—The Helen Bantam Store
 Grantford—J. M. Cairns Store
 S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd.
 London—S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd.
 J. M. Young & Co. Ltd.
 Zellers Limited
 Brighton—J. H. Frise
 Brockville—Leverette's
 Brockton—A. B. MacDuff & Son
 Brudenell—F. R. Smith
 Burk's Falls—Hunter & Fell
 Burlington—A. H. Hucker
 Caledonia—Cairns Stores Ltd.
 Campbellford—J. A. Irwin
 Cannington—S. M. Sturman
 Carleton Place—Walker Stores Ltd.
 Chapple—Chas. W. Collins Stores Ltd.
 Chatham—S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd.
 Spencer Store Ltd.
 Chesley—Wm. Heilmiller & Son
 Clinton—A. T. Cooper
 Coburg—McIntosh Bros.
 Cochrane—David's Variety Store
 Collingwood—Walker Stores Ltd.
 Coniston—C. G. Elliott
 Coniston—J. S. Dean & Sons
 Cornwall—Walker Stores Ltd.
 Dandridge—Messrs. Restemeyer & Miller
 Delhi—H. Cunningham
 Dresden—B. W. Tyrrell
 Dundas—Grafton & Co. Ltd.
 Duncannon—K. K. Dawson
 Dunnville—W. J. Griffith
 Dundas—T. H. Hobbs Co. Ltd.
 Espanville—E. Blinn
 Elgin—Adelkind & Adelkind
 Elmira—A. Winger
 Elmville—H. A. Cooper
 Elmwood—John Clouston
 Eora—Kingsway Store
 Englehart—Murdoch's Dry Goods
 Erin—Erin 5c to \$1.00 Store
 Espania—Goodman & Co.
 Essex—Moore's Dept. Store
 Exeter—Jones & May
 Fenwick—Archibald Benilick
 Ferguson—James Russell & Sons
 Fisherton—P. H. W. Dickling
 Forest—Forest Farmers Bldg. & Trading
 Fort Erie—John Charles
 Fort Frances—The G. H. Ross Co.
 Fort William—Chapman Ltd.
 S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd.
 Zellers Limited
 Galt—Walker Stores Ltd.
 Gannaque—Wright's Dry Goods
 Geraldton—Chapman (Geraldton) Ltd.
 Glencoe—Hill's Cash Store
 Goderich—F. E. Hibbert
 G. W. Schaefer
 Gore Bay—Central Store
 Grand Valley—Mrs. E. Greenley
 Gravenhurst—Robinsons Gents
 Furnishings
 Grimsby—The White Store
 Guelp—S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd.
 Walker Stores Ltd.
 Hagersville—Cairns Stores Ltd.
 Halesbury—Halesbury Variety Shop
 Hamilton—Duke's Dry Goods, 449 Barton
 The T. Eaton Co. Ltd.
 Grinstead's "Economic"
 S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd., 45 King St. E.
 The Right House
 G. W. Robinson Co. Ltd.
 Zellers Limited
 Hanover—E. F. Graft & Co.
 Harrow—A. C. Cunningham
 Hawkeville—Miss Madge Curtis
 Hawkesbury—Julie Maloneville
 Hearst—West & Co.
 Hespler—Smith's 5c to \$1 Store
 Huntsville—Wardell & Co.
 Ingersoll—W. A. C. Forman
 Walker Stores Ltd.
 Iroquois Falls—Abitibi Power & Paper
 Jarvis—Dunbury General Store
 Kemptonville—Anderson's Dept. Store
 Kenora—Taylor's Ltd.
 Killalee—Mrs. Pearl Moore
 Kincardine—MacKenzie Bros.
 Kingston—S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd.
 Kingsville—T. J. Salmon
 Kirkland Lake—The T. Eaton Co. Ltd.
 S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd.
 Kitchener—W. L. Albrecht
 Canadian Department Stores Ltd.
 S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd.
 Macklin's
 Leamington—S. Doupe
 F. Patterson & Co.
 Lion's Head—Greig & Hummel
 Listowel—Mr. D. L. Chapman
 John MacDonald
 London—Metropolitan Stores Ltd.
 Smallman & Ingram Ltd.
 C. Wallace Co. Limited
 Mrs. S. Warren
 R. J. Young & Co. Ltd.
 Zellers Limited
 Lucan—C. A. Pattison
 Lucknow—Templeton & Co.
 Markdale—W. D. Mercer
 Marmora—F. N. Maret & Co.
 Massey—Sadowski & Co.
 Meaford—Jas. L. Chapman
 Metcalfe—W. J. Hall
 Midland—The W. D. Ross Store
 Midway—G. H. Heise
 Millbrook—Pender's Dry Goods
 Milton—Walker Stores Ltd.
 Milverton—J. Brunner & Son
 Mitchell—T. S. Ford Co. Ltd.
 Morrisburg—Mrs. Bertha Stewart
 Mount Albert—W. R. Steeper
 Mount Dennis—Harvey's Dry Goods
 Mount Forest—Walker Stores Ltd.
 Nanawake—McGee's Store
 Neustadt—A. Derbecker
 Newburgh—Vandervoort Bros.

New Hamburg—O. H. Becker
 New Lindsay—B. S. Robinson
 Newmarket—H. M. Hooker
 Niagara Falls—S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd.
 Walker Stores Ltd.
 C. Wallace Co. Ltd.
 Niagara—Hudson's Bay Co.
 North Bay—Walker Stores Ltd.
 Norwich—J. S. Leitch & Son
 Norwood—Earl Hamilton
 Oil Springs—G. H. Thompson
 Orangeville—F. T. Hill & Co. Ltd.
 Orillia—Walker Stores Ltd.
 Oshawa—S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd.
 Zellers Limited
 Ottawa—Bryson Graham Co. Ltd.
 S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd.
 Laroque (Reg'd) Dept. Store
 Murphy Gamble Ltd.
 Charles Ogilvy Limited
 Zellers Limited, 156 Sparks St.
 Owen Sound—S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd.
 Wm. T. Lee & Sons Ltd.
 Walker Stores Ltd.
 Paisley—W. E. Theaker
 Palmerston—F. T. Ashmore
 Paris—J. M. Hall
 Walker Stores Ltd.
 Parkhill—J. M. Gibbs
 Pembroke—A. J. Freeman Ltd.
 Penetang—The W. M. Thompson Co. Ltd.
 Perth—A. Shaw
 Peterborough—Richard Hall Ltd.
 S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd.
 Uptown Silk Shoppe
 Zellers Limited
 Petrolia—Feldman's General Store
 Pickering—M. S. Chapman
 Picton—G. E. Fraser Sons Ltd.
 Plantagenet—J. A. Chenier
 Port Arthur—S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd.
 Zellers Limited
 Port Colborne—L. E. J. Hopkins
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 Port Dover—Thomas G. Carey
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 Port Hope—Palmer's
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 Port Rowan—J. W. Cronk & Sons
 Preston—N. Jacoby Dry Goods
 Ridgeway—Hill & Davies Dry Goods
 Ridgeway—R. S. Brown & Son
 Ridgeway—Dell Bros.
 Ripley—Geo. J. Emmerton
 St. Catharines—S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd.
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 Zellers Limited
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 St. Jacobs—Mrs. L. Trapp
 St. Mary's—A. H. Lofft & Co. Ltd.
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 Walker Stores Ltd.
 Zellers Limited
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 Craig's Dept. Store
 S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd.
 Schomberg—W. L. McGowan
 Seaford—Central Store
 Shakespeare—H. Harold & Sons
 Simcoe—Walker Stores Ltd.
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 Smithville—S. M. Leclerc
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 Stirling—Spofford & Co.
 Stratford—J. Crozier & Co.
 S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd.
 Strathroy—Strathroy Woolen Mills Store
 Sturgeon Falls—J. W. Roebon
 Sudbury—S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd.
 A. Silverman & Sons
 Tamworth—Haggerty & White
 Tara—H. A. Newton
 Tavistock—E. Wetzel
 Tecumseh—Mrs. E. Demers
 Teeswater—Field's Variety Store
 Thamesford—George Kew
 Thessalon—Hardy's
 Thebes—Economy Store
 Tilbury—J. Courcy
 Tillsonburg—Walker Stores Ltd.
 Timmins—S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd.
 J. J. Chapin Ltd.
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 Baker's Dry Goods, 2307 Yonge St.
 James H. Byers, 569 Danforth Ave.
 Chalmers, 1009 Pape Ave.
 I. A. Corner, 244 Carlton St.
 T. E. Crane, 1038 Pape Ave.
 Dawkins' Dry Goods, 857 Broadview
 Dunn's Dry Goods, 1931 Gerrard St. E.
 The T. Eaton Co. Ltd., Yonge St.
 The T. Eaton Co. Ltd., Annex
 A. Gottlieb, 611 College St.
 Grafsen's Silk Store, 278 College St.
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 Grinstead's (Walker Stores Ltd.)
 Mrs. Kearns, 1564 Kingston Rd.
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 Mason Dry Goods, 251 Greenwood Ave.
 Mrs. M. J. Motchuk, 37 Kane Avenue
 The Robt. Simpson Co. Ltd.
 Mrs. E. E. Taylor, 1198 Woodbine Ave.
 Textile Jobbers, 516 Queen Street W.
 Walker Stores Ltd.
 Mrs. M. Walters, 610 Logan Ave.
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 Tweed—Quinn & Quinn
 Unionville—Mrs. A. E. Connell
 Uxbridge—J. F. Browncombe & Co.
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 Verona—Walker & Genge
 Wallaceburg—Dean's Dry Goods
 Warren—R. Laframboise
 Waterloo—Leo Lefler
 Waterloo—Wetlaufer's Department Store
 Waferford—A. Brown & Co.
 Welland—The Ross Co. Ltd.
 C. Wallace Co. Ltd.
 Wellsville—Wellsville 5c to \$1 Store
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 S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd., 215 Ouellette
 C. H. Smith Co. Ltd.
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 Amqui—G. A. Sinclair
 Asbestos—Hector Boudreau
 Baguville—Le Bazar Lee
 Baie Comeau—Hudson's Bay Co.
 Beauveville—P. F. Renaud Ltd.
 Brownsburg—Mme. Omer Charbon
 Bedford—L. H. Langevin
 Bevilleville—Miss Clémence Guertin
 Berthierville—D. Tessier
 Bienvilleville—E. Lemieux Ltd.
 Brownsburg—Mme. Omer Charbon
 Buckingham—E. Labate
 Cap de la Madeleine—Mde. Jos. Lévesque
 Capoussac—J. A. Laviole
 Chambly—A. Brien
 Charlevoix—Mme. Marc Guertin
 Charly—Louis Carrier, Engr.
 Chicoutimi—Mde. Henri de Moor
 Chicoutimi West—Rivier & Perron
 Contrecoeur—P. S. Bachand
 Joseph Durocher
 Cowansville—Rita 5c to \$1 Store
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 Deschambault—Bertha Chagnonnet
 Debea—Quatre Saisons Engr.
 Dorion Vaudreuil—J. W. Leger
 Drummondville—Mlle. F. Blanchard
 P. Languevin
 Mlle. E. P. Leclerc
 East Angus—Mde. O. Bergeron
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 Farnham—Elphège Roy
 Ferme Neuve—Mr. Horn Labelle
 Granby—J. O. Lamoignon
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 Grand'Mère—Markus Hanna & Sons Reg'd
 Ham Nord—W. Guertin
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 Joliette—F. X. Morin
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 Lachine—Lachine Remnant Store Ltd.
 Lachute—Léonard 5c to \$1 Stores Regd.
 Lacolle—Mde. A. Landry
 La Prairie—T. De Gruchy & Fils Engr.
 La Salle—G. E. Lambert
 L'Assomption—Pauze & Fils Engr.
 La Tuque—Frank Spaul Co. Ltd.
 L'Épiphane—P. R. Foley
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 Limoulin—C. E. Tremblay
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 Longueuil—Mrs. Rose Symons
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 Louiseville—Mlle. J. H. Langevin
 Magog—Marcelin Boissert
 Maniwaki—Anastase Roy Ltd.
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 Mataneville—J. L. Bergeron
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 Montmagny—Mlle. L. Allard, 2401A St.
 Catherine
 W. Allard Engr., 456 Mt. Royal St. E.
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 R. Bergeron, 2516 Beaulieu St.
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 L. Chevalier, 206 Jarry St.
 Chez Annette, 3679 Ontario E.
 Joseph Corbett, 6509 St. Hubert St.
 Mlle. E. Cormier, 4051 Beaubien St.
 Mme. R. DesRochers, 405 Villars St.
 Dominion Remnant Stores Ltd.
 Dupuis Frères Ltd., 865 St. Catherine
 Roger Lachapelle, 3357 5th Ave.
 Federal 5c to \$1 Stores Ltd.
 Ant. Gosselin, 7058 St. Hubert St.
 S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd., all stores
 Jean Langlois, 7556 St. Hubert St.
 J. Legault Engr., 261 Beaubien E.
 Mrs. A. L. Lavassier, 3673 Ontario E.
 Lingerie le Cavalier, 3673 St. Cath-
 erine E.
 Magasin Theresa, 2047 Blvd. Gouin E.
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 G. Montpetit, 3565 Adam St.
 Walker Stores Ltd.
 Paul Normandin, St. Denis & Liege
 Jas. A. Ogilvy's Ltd.
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 A. Pelletier, 7410 de Gaspé Street
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 T. Poissant, 6821 St. Lawrence Blvd.
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 Pointe-aux-Trembles—Jos. Casaubon
 Pointe Claire—H. Coulombe

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 Priceville—Mme. Adolphe Carignan
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 T. D. Dubuc, 216 St. Johns St.
 S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd., all stores
 The Paquet Co. Ltd.
 Syndicat de Québec, 225 St. Joseph St.
 Zellers Limited
 Rawdon—Mde. A. Giroux
 Richmond—H. Charpentier
 Rimouski—H. G. LePage, Engr.
 Michaud Engr.
 Roberval—Quatre Saisons Engr.
 Rouyn—S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd.
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 St. Alexandre—Mlle. Boucher
 St. Anselme—Mme. Herve Caron
 Ste. Anne de Bellevue—G. Daoust & Cie
 Ste. Anne de la Pocatière—L. Union
 Agincourt
 St. Anselme—Mme. J. A. Fortier
 St. Barthelemy—Jos. Mercuro
 St. Casimir—Mlle. A. Brouillette
 St. Cesaire—Ernest Jacob
 St. Clément—M. O. Berault
 Ste. Croix—J. H. Laroche
 St. Cyrille de Wendover—Philippe
 Lafort
 St. Denis sur Richelieu—A. Huard
 St. Donat—Richard Coutu
 St. Esprit—Beaudoin & Frères
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 St. Evariste—Daneuse & Frère Engr.
 St. Felicien—J. A. Larus
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 St. Gabriel de Brandon—J. M. Comeau
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 St. Georges—G. M. Duchene
 St. Germaine—L. Giguere
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 St. Jacques—Mde. Benoit Forest
 St. Jerome—Le Bazar de St. Jerome
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 St. Joseph d'Alma—Ernest Lapointe
 St. Joseph de Beauce—Giguere & Bégin
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 Bergeron
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 St. Jovite—Omer Boivin
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 Melfort—Melfort Grain Growers'
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 S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd.
 Mooseman—R. D. McNaughton Co. Ltd.
 Morse—Harder's Store
 Nipawin—P. Kent
 Prince Albert—The T. Eaton Co. Ltd.
 Qu'Appelle—Hamilton Bros.
 Regina—S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd.
 R. B. Williams & Sons Ltd.
 The Robt. Simpson Western Ltd.
 Rosetown—Smith & Smith
 Rosetown—Friesen & Co.
 Saltcoats—E. R. Smith
 Saskatoon—Addiman's Ltd.
 The T. Eaton Co. Ltd.
 Hudson's Bay Co.
 S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd.
 Shaunavon—Shaunavon Dept. Store
 Simla—F. M. Laycock
 Smethport—Smethport Coop. Ass'n.
 Swift Current—The W. W. Cooper Co. Ltd.
 Tisdale—Tisdale Supply Co.
 Vaseau—Mr. J. W. Hill
 Watrous—Frank H. Walsh
 Yorkton—Hudson's Bay Co.
 Mr. E. B. Smith

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